The Saturday Review of Literature

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General Jonathan M. Wainwright. *(See page 7)*

Innocents Abroad

By CHARLES J. ROLO

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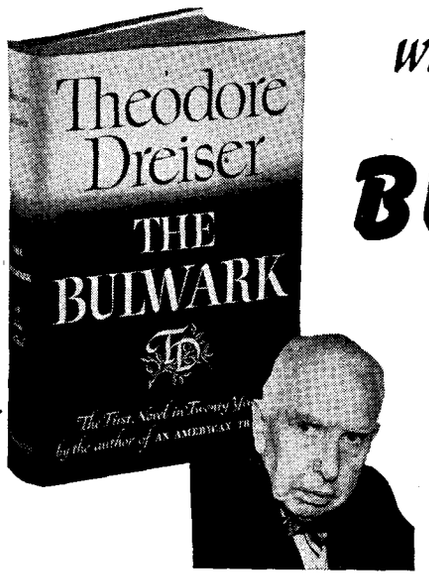

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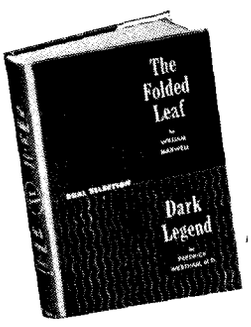

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On real lettuce

LAST WEEK we had lunch with one of the senior magazine editors of American publishing. He is a quiet, wise, and cultured man whose integrity is so warm and friendly that you seldom realize how solid it is until you find yourself running contrary to it. We were talking about editing and publishing and he told a story about the time, a good many years ago, when he and a friend set out to write a best seller. They approached this task like a couple of research chemists, first analyzing all the writings of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. From this analysis, they created a formula; essence of this, spirit of that, and powder of the other—not mixed up at random, but judiciously and scientifically added page by page and paragraph by paragraph. When these two latter-day Frankensteins had completed their product, it sold immediately to the movies for enough money to at least pay for the test tubes that had been broken during the experimenting. A publisher then accepted the manuscript for publication. The formula best seller was offered to the public—and sold 300 copies.

"What I learned from this was," commented our friend, "that while an imitation lettuce leaf may fool a man, it will never fool a rabbit." A moment later he continued, "I've never been able to edit successfully for an audience of which I am not a member. Furthermore, I don't believe people can really write well down to an audience or up to one."

When we got back to our office we said to ourselves, yes, there it is said simply and straight about writing and editing. Then we started to think about how it was the same with book publishing and how rewarding all the details of the operation become when the book is being published for an audience whose members include those working on the book.

One of the most exciting things in publishing is to feel a manuscript becoming a book. This is not so much a matter of the difference between the typescript page and the printed page, although this difference is part of the metamorphosis. A manuscript becomes a book in many ways the moment it is accepted for publication. That is when the audience, hitherto imaginary, becomes something very real, tangible, and challenging. Most manuscripts start the journey to their audience in the publisher's office when one enthusiastic editor tells his colleagues about it. When this enthusiasm is shared fully enough, the decision to publish the book is made. The office fan club for the book is usually confined to the editorial department until the actual editing is completed; then the membership swells, the members of the sales and promotion staffs read it, and the chain reaction commences. The editors talk to other editors, the promotion people talk to newspapermen, columnists, magazine and radio editors, the salesmen start talking to booksellers and the booksellers' clerks. All this before the imprint of the plate on paper. When finished books arrive and are available for distribution, it becomes possible to start hundreds of such chain reactions all over the country.

And now the book is on its own, removed from such charity, specialized appreciation, or economic considerations as may have exercised control over its destiny so far. Enthusiasm breeds enthusiasm, but the book does not stand or fall on acceptance by the first group to read and know it, or by their ability, no matter how great, to engender an equal enthusiasm in others with whom they can have direct oral or written contact. It has to be able to do it by itself—alone, unheralded, and unknown, lying perhaps on a table in someone's living room, or plucked at random from a library or bookseller's shelf.

It seems to us that the responsibility of performing all the acts attendant on the publication of a book can be accepted only in the belief that the book has a life and a power and an existence that can be strengthened and channeled by a good publisher but can never be created by the publisher. The audience for a book depends most certainly not on the number of buyers the publisher can influence, but on the number of men and women the book can reach—by and of itself. The American reading public comprises many audiences. They vary in size to such a degree that it is possible for an expert publishing job to culminate in a sale of only two thousand copies over a period of several years. There are other audiences so large that to publish a book for them and sell less than several hundred thousand copies would indicate bad management on the part of the publisher. It is possible to publish faithfully in many fields during a year of publishing activity. It is our intent here at Henry Holt and Company to build lists of books that offer nourishment and sustenance to varied literary appetites. We may well make mistakes in judgment from time to time, like offering lettuce leaves to Carnivora, but even then we'll have the satisfaction of being able to shout over our shoulder as we beat a more hasty than dignified retreat—well, anyway, it was real lettuce.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Innocents Abroad

CHARLES J. ROLO

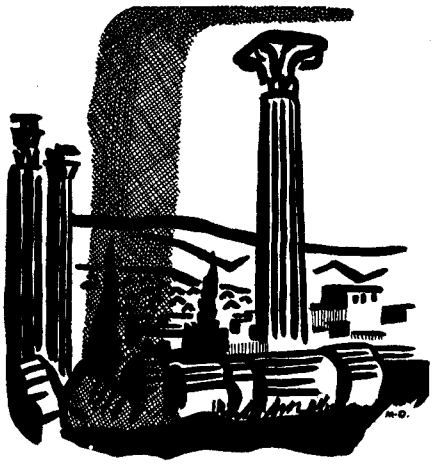
IN the year since VE-Day, there has been a startling deterioration of relations between Americans in Europe and their former European friends. This growing mutual estrangement has already had alarming consequences. American irritation with the French has produced a dangerous revulsion of feeling in favor of the Germans. European disillusionment with America is improving the prospects of the extremist elements of the right and of the left.

There is one bright side to this discouraging picture. The material achievements of the United States Army, in the post-victory period as well as during the fighting, have been an impressive monument to this country. Americans have helped in a score of ways to set the wheels of life turning again on the continent; roads have been repaired and bridges rebuilt, trucks provided to restore the machinery of transport, harbors cleared of mines and wreckage. In record time magnificent airports were constructed outside Paris, Rome, Naples, Athens, and a dozen other places. American air transport is incomparably the most efficient on the continent. The Army's telephone network makes even prewar telephone service in Europe seem like one of Alexander Graham Bell's unhappier experiments. This technical effectiveness, dazzling to the Europeans, has been genuinely appreciated. There is a note of veneration in the phrase I heard so often in Paris. *"Ah, les Américains—au point de vue technique ils sont formidables,"* and in the Englishman's free admission, "When it comes to getting things done *physically*, the Americans can't be beaten." But both compliments are strictly confined to material performances; and they point, by implication, to a moral failure.

There should be no need to mince words. In the eyes of a large number of Europeans, American moral prestige has sunk to a low level. The late Mr. Willkie's famous "reservoir of good-will," filled to overflowing a year ago by the gratitude of the liberated nations, is running dry. In private conversation criticism of America has become as fashionable as and probably more widespread than sniping at the British has been over here. In Paris the anti-American skit has made its appearance in the music-halls and cabarets not frequented by Americans. In Rome, one variety show last summer presented a parody of an American officer making an inventory of valuables in a requisitioned building; as each item was listed, the officer remarked rapaciously, "We'll liberate that one. Take it away." In Austria, where American stock is relatively high thanks to comparison with the extraordinary misconduct of the Red Army, one nevertheless hears the United States zone of occupation referred to as "the Nazi's paradise." These are trivial but considered manifestations of a growing lack of cordiality which is heartily reciprocated by many Americans who are on the spot.

Travelling around the continent I ran time and again into a stock type of army officer, who, noticing a correspondent, would lecture him on the subject of "what's wrong with Europe." It was a set piece, mortally pessimistic in its implications yet delivered with cheerful unconcern and profound assurance:

The French are lazy, dirty, corrupt, inefficient, and on the make. The English are relatively inefficient and on the make. The Germans—"Let me tell you, the Germans are more like us than any of these other countries. They're clean, they work hard, they understand discipline. They're a great nation and it's silly to think that we can keep them down. Anyhow, we're going to have to fight Russia sooner or later, so we'd better have the Germans on our side."



HOW common is this view? Not long ago a United States Army poll of a representative cross-section of GI's stationed in Germany disclosed a terrifying state of mind. Nineteen percent believed that the Germans had some justification for going to war. Though a slight majority preferred the English to the Germans, the Germans were more popular than the French, and as many as thirty percent liked the Germans better than the French and the English. These disclosures have quite understandably shocked and dismayed America's former allies. And a large number of Americans, observing with astonished indignation that their popularity is wearing thin, are reverting to the cliches of 1919: Europeans are incorrigibly selfish and ungrateful; the sensible thing is to clear out and let them stew in their own juices; it makes no difference to America, the richest and most powerful nation on earth, whether a lot of two-bit European countries look up to her or not.

This is a dangerous attitude. For seven years the moral prestige of the United States and Great Britain has been the central prop in the political thinking of democratic Europeans, a stabilizing and constructive force. The dissipation of American prestige will leave—is in fact leaving—an ideological vacuum which at the moment the Communists are noisily trying to fill. What is worse, the void in men's minds and the accompanying sense of frustration is fertile ground for renewed skulduggery on the part of Europe's unregenerate reactionaries, now crawling out of their precautionary retirement.

The recent government crisis in France dramatizes the point. Increas-

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ingly disillusioned about America, the French are again becoming politically introverted and neurasthenic. The Socialists, who could have coöperated with the Popular Republicans under de Gaulle's leadership to form a solid majority capable of forcing through a liberal program, are lacking in direction and self-confidence. Afraid of breaking with the party that may eventually be top dog, they have been hesitant about standing up to Communist bullying. Meanwhile, many of the industrialists and businessmen, who were prepared to endorse leftist reforms by a Socialist-M.R.P. coalition under de Gaulle, are lapsing back into the attitude of defeatist non-coöperation that wrecked the Blum government and the Third Republic. "Why worry about production when the Communists may take over?" I heard that phrase all too often from the people on whom France's recovery largely depends. This situation may seem to be exclusively the Frenchman's responsibility and the Frenchman's concern. It is our responsibility to the extent that loss of faith in America's intentions weakens the tactical position of Europe's most democratic elements. That this is America's concern hardly needs to be elaborated.

It clearly does matter, however rich or powerful this country may be, what Europeans think of America. It matters a great deal to Europeans what America thinks of them. What, then, are the reasons for this two-sided estrangement? What has gone wrong, and why, and what can be done about it?

THIS country has suffered a loss of prestige on two different levels: the level of policy and the level of human relations. On the policy level one issue is supremely relevant. America's prestige is being most seriously undermined by the fear that the Yanks are pulling out (our forces are down to half a million now) —the fear that the United States, while participating in the UNO, will grow progressively more reluctant to assume the burdens and obligations of world leadership. The victims of German aggression are beginning to feel that they cannot count on us to help keep Germany denazified and demilitarized, to throw our weight effectively behind the peace settlement. British officers and men now in their *sixth* year of service, and Frenchmen assigned to occupation duty after five years in a German prison camp, complain bitterly that the Americans are endangering the structure of peace by quitting before the job is really finished.

On the level of human relations, some of the friction between Europeans and Americans has been due to circumstances; some is Europe's fault and some is ours. For brevity's sake I am confining what follows to our relations with the French; what has happened in France has happened, in varying degrees, elsewhere. For the American soldier's unflattering opinion of the French, the French are in some measure responsible. Their pace of recovery has been unconscionably slow, their national spirit in many respects defective. The masses, who are eager to work and rebuild, often lack the opportunity because energy and initiative have been lacking at the top. Most offices are working what amounts to a five hour day. Many of the rich are not working at all, preferring to live on capital and enjoy themselves "until economic conditions are more settled." Minor officials find it fashionable to cultivate self-importance and inaccessibility. Only recently has the government itself publicly acknowledged the stringency of France's financial and economic position. While pleading their case for American aid, on which France's future depends, the French could have made a sterner effort to impress the Americans in their country that they were doing their best to help themselves. The Americans have missed none of the failings, and have not always made fair allowance for France's appalling lack of physical resources—for the lethargy caused by years of servitude and suffering.

We have expended much righteous fervor in complaints about the corruption of the French, the disgrace of France's ubiquitous black market, flourishing in the open. But it is precisely on this count that Americans have suffered a shocking loss of face. Only a tiny fraction of Americans in Europe have engaged in black market activity, but the numbers involved have been large enough, and scandalous arrests of responsibly placed officers frequent enough, for the sordid facts to be common knowledge in Europe. I have sat in a Paris café with two M.P.'s just in from Brussels while they unconcernedly discussed with a young black market operator the purchase price of diamonds they had smuggled into France; they were his regular contact men in Belgium. It is not news that thousands of GI's made a handsome profit out of selling watches, clothes, and PX items to the Russians and out of illegal currency transactions; that last October the remittances home from troops in Europe exceeded the total sum paid out in salaries. We have no justification for a holier-than-thou attitude toward the French.

WHEN the first Americans landed in North Africa and the Middle East, enormous pains were taken to impress on them the importance of respecting Moslem customs, the awful consequences of offending the natives' susceptibilities. The lesson was driven home; in Cairo and other parts of the Middle East I visited the Americans were the best behaved and most popular of the Allied military. In western Europe it has been a different story. We have too often ignored the feelings of the liberated peoples, implicitly denied them the right to a pride which humiliation and suffering have only sharpened. Patronizing remarks about the French Army that took part in the western offensive have filtered through to the French, and the contemptuous attitude of so many United States officers toward the Maquis has not remained secret. It is true that thousands of phonies found it fashionable to claim membership in the underground, that many who boasted of having "done resistance" merely resisted the temptation of ingratiating themselves with the enemy; these absurdities in no way justified our belittlement of the European undergrounds or our occasional tactlessness in letting it be known we considered them undisciplined cutthroats.

Europe's once hysterical gratitude has been partly soured by the tendency of some Americans to adopt the superior attitude of a prosperous and successful young man to a poor, elderly, and slightly disreputable relative. The Europeans have understandably grown tired of being reminded how much America has done for them, and how dependent they are on American charity. At the same time they have fallen into the unfortunate attitude of taking American aid for granted; they feel that we have so much that it won't hurt us to give them the extra instalment that will put them back on their feet again. It is easy to see that these attitudes lead to mutual exasperation.

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Gentleman Who Saved Face

GENERAL WAINWRIGHT'S STORY. By General Jonathan M. Wainwright. Edited by Robert Considine. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

IT WOULD be a great and lasting pity if the triumph of American arms in the Pacific which has restored the Philippines to the Filipinos and returned the Japanese to Japan should obscure the fact that on the island of Luzon in 1942 the United States met with the cruellest and most humiliating defeat in its history.

To most of us, Bataan may seem a long way off in both time and distance, but it cannot seem so to the man who commanded the defeated troops of Bataan and Corregidor, who fought with them, starved with them, and surrendered with them.

Upon General Jonathan Wainwright fell the command relinquished on March 10, 1942, by the valiant and fortunate MacArthur. It fell with something of a thud. The summer of 1941 had found him at the head of the combined field forces of American and Filipino troops. It was his job to train, equip, and fit them for the field—against that unmentionable enemy whom no one doubted was coming. MacArthur told Wainwright that he would probably have until April 1942 to whip his forces into shape. By December 1941 Wainwright's 31st Division had no 75 mm. guns for its artillery. Much of the infantry had never fired a shot. There were no anti-tank battalions in existence. When the Japanese attacked in December it was plain that the American defense could be little more than a delaying action. That is what it was in a tactical sense, but in a historical sense it was far more than that.

General Wainwright's book, or at least the first part of it, is one of the best accounts to appear, so far, of the defense of Bataan and Corregidor. Here might almost be the bleeding feet and empty bellies of Valley Forge, the untrained, ill-equipped but desperate riflemen of Bunker Hill. On Bataan the infantry and artillery fought until there was no more air cover, no more ammunition, and no more strength. The cavalry ate its horses and fought on until there was nothing more to eat. Then the defense of Bataan was over. The American people knew that disaster had overtaken them. They did not know what the men who fought on Bataan were still to suffer.

The greater part of General Wainwright's book deals with the incomprehensible and devastating brutality of the Japanese to their captives. The General tells his story, with

Robert Considine's help, simply and gently, without heroics and apparently without bitterness. How he can do so, in the face of what he has to tell, is a matter for amazement. He saw his companions mistreated to the point of murder. He himself was so severely beaten that his hearing was permanently impaired. Yet he comes out of it all with the feeling that General Yamashita, author of all this violence, should be dealt with, not in the heat of passion, but according to international agreements covering prisoners of war.

The latter part of "General Wainwright's Story" is so much a triumph of poetic justice that it almost makes the reader think of Hollywood. After his release from his Asiatic prison, Wainwright was able to be present at the surrender of General Yamashita in the Philippines, the very General who had received his own surrender in 1942. Wainwright was present on the deck of the *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay when the Japanese Empire surrendered to General MacArthur. No other American officer of Wainwright's rank ever had such experiences as his, and none could have been better fitted to bear and to surmount them. This terribly honest and straightforward narrative is not one which will make Americans happy to read, for it points the finger of blame at all of them. It should help to make all of us understand how to prevent the recurrence of such disasters as that of Bataan. More than that, it is an extraordinarily poignant human record of suffering, courage, and the triumph of the spirit.

Jungle Warfare

IN LINE OF DUTY. By Francis P. Scannell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 302 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HIRSH

PICTURE bloodless, etched, and stubbled faces; ptotic-lid and bloodshot eyes, quiet speech of little things and long hiatuses; body weariness you have never known nor are likely to know. Conjure all the stages of a medievalist hell, convulsions of the damned, fetid heat and dirt, fever, bowel-twisting dysentery, the assault of steel and fire and of thousands of nameless, crawling things. You are beginning to get a surface impression of jungle warfare.

Against this background, we are introduced to the central characters in "In Line of Duty," four survivors of a beachhead operation. Just as they were settling down to temporary respite and repair in a dismal rest area on a small Pacific island, the unit intelligence officer returned from air reconnaissance to report that the Japanese had moved from the beaches into the mountains preparing to counter-attack and drive our forces into the sea. He advised the regimental commander to send out a scouting party to assess their strength and deployment. Sergeant Warren Sexton, one of the four survivors, is called from the rest area to headquarters and in the best army tradition is asked to "volunteer" for the assignment. His men, the other survivors, Rolfe, English, and Derrick, beat up and tired to the point of exhaustion, throw in their lot to save the beach. To the original nucleus are added Benjamin, a Jap-hating, intensely loyal native guide, Walter Entriken, a replacement fresh from the states, and Ensign Richard Mitchell, commander of the barge taking the scouting force to their jumping-off place.

The force had three days to accomplish its mission. The events of these three days are the substance of the story. Where the book achieves a degree of intensity, it does so largely because of the telescoping of the seven lives into these three days, days of terrible human interdependence, of trial by fire, ordeal, and hand-to-hand combat. The scouts assessed what they were after but they learned the sad truth that the counter-attack would start before they could return and warn the beachhead forces. With the desperation of damned men, they decide to demolish the enemy's artillery in order to save their friends. They succeed only to fall one by one in their retreat.

There are flashes of fine writing, but the book is generally undistinguished.

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The Nazis Didn't Laugh

CONFESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN INTELLECTUAL. By Franz Schoenberner. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 315 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

EVER since reading this book, I have been vexed by the question of whether there is a difference between people writing their memoirs and people publishing their confessions. Even though I have a healthy respect for psychoanalysts (and Mr. Schoenberner is some sort of a jack of all psychoanalytical trades himself), I cannot help speculating: Is it not true that the dweller in memoirs is more inclined to make a confession than the pronounced confessor? At any rate, there is little confession but a treasure of reminiscences in this book. Its author seems to belong to those happy people who, looking back, find that they were mostly right and that they did a good job while it lasted. No wonder he is not yet ready to write his confessions. And whether his reminiscences are those of a "European intellectual," that is another question. Schoenberner is both a good German and a true citizen of the world; to say this of a German is indeed ample praise. But European intellectual? It is true that the cultural world in which the author grew up was German precisely by being European. Few of us realize how staggering was the blow to Western civilization which made European culture vanish from our time. The old phoenix is dead. With it, the species of the European intellectual has gone with the wind. It will take long, if it will ever come to pass, before the phoenix of a new European culture will rise from the ashes.

But it does not matter whether Mr. Schoenberner excels in true confessions of a true European or whether his is the autobiography of a good German. What matters is that he gives us a moving account of the dying glory of a highly cultured, though slightly decadent, sector of German life, as well as of the shameful pomp and circumstances that made the downfall inevitable. Thus his reminiscences, in spite of their light tone, have an underlying seriousness and sadness, even when he speaks of the times when he was young and could have been gay. How could it be otherwise when a liberal and one so deeply rooted in what was good in German culture tells of Germany's transition? One is reminded of the words the aged Goethe once uttered in despair: "A German writer—a German martyr."

The story begins with the end, in 1933, of Schoenberner's public life in Germany as editor of *Simplicissimus*. This amazing magazine was founded in 1896 by a great artist and courageous fighter for a better Germany, Thomas T. Heine. Under his leadership *Simplicissimus* became a sort of German *Punch* or *Gil Blas*. Its cartoons reflected the spirit of the time in the same sense as did the etchings and lithographs of Hogarth, Daumier, Goya, Kollwitz, and of Low's cartoons today. As the Nazis did not appreciate the humor displayed in the pages of *Simplicissimus*, and as Schoenberner was unwilling to compromise, it was time for him to leave Germany.

Looking backward, he paints a vivid picture revealing the shadows of an almost forgotten world that was alive in Germany in the decades before and after the First World War. It was the world of a liberal intelligentsia which, as in Russia, was naturally in opposition to the powers in being. In Russia, at least part of the young liberals became active revolutionaries. But in Germany the opposition remained abstract and did not grow into a major political organization. For German liberalism had been decisively beaten back in 1848. Schoenberner's story is focused on Munich and its intellectual cauldron in which fantastic German concoctions were brewed. It became truly the nucleus of revolutionary forces in Germany. Schoenberner was in the midst of it, observing and seeing the handwriting on the wall. His account of an important phase of European history will help to answer many still unanswered questions about Germany's decay and decline.

The book holds an even greater fascination where its author draws the contours of some of the persons he met on his stage. Some of them are plain people, like the butchers and bakers whose lives he shared as a soldier and, it seems, not a very efficient one. There was not much love lost between the "common man" and the young and highstrung intellectual.

Others on his stage are figures of literary prominence who, though they were no longer alive, formed the ideas of the author in his work with publishing firms, newspapers, and magazines. The features of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Nietzsche, and D. H. Lawrence receive new colors. Schoenberner's analysis, though often controversial, is always challenging and opens, sometimes, unknown avenues to the understanding of their writings.

—*Joseph Breitenbach.*

"One likes Franz Schoenberner's independence of mind and the courage of his convictions."

Finally, there are the others, of major and minor prominence, who crossed his way in person. It is here that Schoenberner's critical and superior mind provides him with the tools to evaluate enemies and friends.

It is an enchanting book which only seldom succumbs to the danger of all memoirs—the danger of the writer's forgetting that his own life can never be as interesting to others as to himself. The attraction of the book is only increased by the fact that the judgment of its author is refreshingly subjective. For my taste, however, his spirited efforts to debunk Dostoievsky are unsuccessful and do not touch Dostoievsky's greatness, which is beyond good and evil. Schoenberner's furious attack on Hamsun the writer leaves me as cold as did Bennett Cerf's labors to bury the poet Ezra Pound along with Pound the traitor. Hamsun, of course, became a foul character when he turned fascist.

But, assuredly, Schoenberner cannot kill the great novelist he once was by explaining that "his morbid hatred toward mankind and cultured society" was due to his suffering from athlete's foot. This kind of literary criticism reminds me of a professor who taught us students at a German university in 1920 that Woodrow Wilson's evil policy against Germany was provoked by the constant pain which his suffering feet were causing him.

But the more one feels like arguing with the author, where he asks for it, the more one likes his independence of mind and the courage of his convictions. After all, a few qualities were needed, in the Munich of once upon a time, to be editor of *Simplicissimus*.

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Journey into the Dark

THE SNAKE PIT. By Mary Jane Ward. New York: Random House. 1946. 278 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT IS only fair to say immediately that this is a clever novel. It is clever because it seems to tell us so much more than it actually does tell us; it is clever because it holds our interest; it is clever because from time to time it administers a severe shock. Since it calls attention, in passing, to the fact that some of our mental institutions are understaffed and overcrowded, it may even do some good. But in spite of all this, it seemed to me to be a deeply embarrassing book.

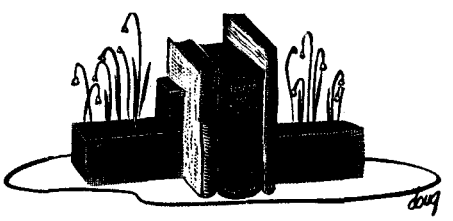
It is the story of a lady called Virginia Cunningham who was raised and married in Evanston, Illinois, and who then moved to New York City, where life (she was a novelist and her husband an auditor) became so much too much for her in one way and another that she suddenly fainted and only came to, months and months later, in a mental hospital called Juniper Hill. This is where the novel begins.

Virginia's memory returns as a mere fragment, gathering other fragments as the novel proceeds, until at the end she is a partially conscious (but by no manner of means, I should say, a cured) person. At first she realizes only that she is one of The Ladies—but who The Ladies are, or how they came to be where they are, she cannot tell. Gradually she discovers that she and they are all suffering from what might be called a nervous breakdown. Some of The Ladies are quite crazy, some are on the mend. Virginia herself oscillates between these two conditions; and the reader follows her from one relapse to another, from the Tubs to the Pack, from Sewing to Sorting, from the ward where the nurse is an ogress to the ward where the nurse is kind; and on and on through a rapid succession of vivid and extraordinary scenes.

Virginia's story is told with restraint and skill. It is well proportioned. It maintains and increases the necessary suspense. It shows a real gift for incidental portraiture. Its author has an eye for detail and an ear for dialogue. Indeed it has all sorts of desirable features except one. It just doesn't happen to be valid fiction.

The author herself seems to have provided the reason for this in her own words. "Juniper Hill," she says, "from tubs to tunnel, was built and peopled by a mind on vacation. With the exception of this unreliable witness, none of the characters in 'The Snake Pit' ever existed; to tell the truth they never quite existed even for Virginia." As a matter of fact, this is not entirely accurate; for surely the humorous malice with which some of the portraits of The Ladies are drawn is not due to Virginia. It is the Outside World looking in, and having a little too much fun.

But, aside from this, the author's words are substantially accurate. "The Snake Pit" is not about consciousness,



but about a partially successful drifting back into consciousness. It has neatly and successfully "institutionalized," if I may be allowed to use a rather depressing word, both its protagonist and its subject matter.

Now fiction deals only with consciousness, as it expands or shrivels, behaves or misbehaves, under the impact of the universe. The novelist (and the dramatist too), with all their profound psychological insights, can work only in the harsh outer world, where human beings must fight their own battles, and where every question is answered but the final one—so that we still do not know exactly what lay behind the madness of Hamlet, or whether the governess did or did not suffer from sexual hallucinations in "The Turn of the Screw."

In short, fiction has not yet succeeded at being clinical. It cannot yet work with psychological categories and labels and therapies. When it tries to do so, it appears to be either second-hand or spurious. Possibly one day a really great writer will make something out of a place like Juniper Hill. In the meantime we have "The Snake Pit" to show us that pity and terror are by no means to be confused with horror. Horror is what we get from "The Snake Pit"—the sort of horror which we might also get from an unusually competent detective story. In this case, it is also a somewhat cozy horror. One feels as if one had been to an interesting but macabre party; and one cannot help asking oneself if one should not have stayed home and let just the doctors go. As soon as I had finished this book I was at once and uncomfortably reminded of the fact that in eighteenth century London it used to be very much the thing to pay a visit to Bedlam and pass an agreeable hour or two watching the maniacs go through their antics. Indeed, Bedlam became so popular, as Louis Kronenberger tells us in his superb "Kings and Desperate Men," "that tea was served there." Miss Ward did everything but ask me whether I would like lemon or cream in mine.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THAT HOUSING SHORTAGE.

The housing problem is nothing new in literature. How various characters solved it in rather unusual ways is briefly sketched below. Do you recall the stories and their authors? Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 27.

1. This enterprising father of a shipwrecked family contrived a home in a tree thirty feet above the ground and reached by means of a rope ladder.
2. For several hundred years this Transylvanian took his daily rest in a coffin.
3. A superannuated barge, high and dry on the beach at Yarmouth, housed this fisherman and his family.
4. This impoverished poet hid in a department store until after closing time with the intention of living there permanently and found a whole colony of people in residence.
5. Retired from the world because of his extraordinary ugliness, he lived in one of the subterranean cellers of the Paris Opera House.
6. This misshapen creature lived in a famous cathedral, where he found his only pleasure in ringing the bells.
7. For two years this elderly gentleman lived very comfortably with plenty of tinned provisions in the stomach of a huge dog-fish.
8. Attempting to flee from the evils of the world, he took refuge on the top of a column of a ruined temple and stayed there for many months.
9. This traveler lived for more than two years in a box 16 feet square and 12 feet high, quilted on all sides as well as floor and ceiling.
10. Victims of the Depression, this antique dealer and a violinist set up housekeeping in Central Park.

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AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

YOU had better be, at least for some of our brothers in this distressing stage of world history, and particularly England.

The British loan is only one in the list of responsibilities to our own welfare. This is not an editorial on economics, but that the terms of this loan are reasonably fair would seem to be evident, since both sides of the Atlantic complain of them for opposite reasons; and that the loan is essential for mutual prosperity all competent experts inside or outside of our government seem to agree.

We ask for a far broader view of Anglo-American relations. Trade rivalries, like the biting and scratching of hungry cats in a vacant lot, will always continue as long as there are greedy cats and hungry ones. They are part of the price we pay for a highly competitive system, and unfortunately no one has yet been able to prove that an entirely uncompetitive one works any better for human happiness and liberty. That is certainly the truth, at least for 1946. But trade rivalries for the last ten years, and probably for the next ten, have been and will be the least of our worries. The central problem is how to secure the efficiency of good leadership without the inevitable corruption that results from illimitable and irremovable power. The Germans tried the way of tyranny, and cracked. The Russians are trying the way of dictatorship, have accomplished marvels with a once backward country, yet still have produced no way of life (or standard of living) which seems a possible existence for the vast majority of Americans. Or, shall we say, would seem possible, or does seem possible, when we actually experience it. If the Russian government succeeds in making its people happy without the kind of liberty we find essential, that will be its solution of a possible welfare for the common man. Provided that in the attempt to spread its brand of Communism where it is both unwanted and unnecessary they do not bring crashing down themselves and us in world war. Our system still works badly for masses of the common man. It must be made to work better, and is being made to work better. But imperfect as it is, it requires no cheka nor the liquidation or forced labor of minorities. It is our way of life in which we can move faster toward the almost perfect state than by any foreign ideology sprung from and adapted to our utterly different social history.

The English-speaking peoples have blundered along their way of destiny. It is not necessary for this argument to compare either their virtues or their shortcomings with those of other nations. But in certain respects they have thought together and experimented together with a unanimity to be found nowhere else among separate national groups.

For some centuries now, they have faced again and again the problem of corruption by power, whether political or financial. They have so conditioned themselves to resisting tyranny that very few among them can conceive of ultimate defeat. They have learned how to keep strings on leadership. To be sure, they sometimes forget to pull them until almost too late. And still oftener the leadership is too weak to need strings. But they are, or can be made, conscious of individual political responsibility, and this is their safeguard and their strength.

Here, at this moment of history, lies the fundamental argument for Anglo-American coöperation. It is a more tangible reason and probably more important than our deep cultural associations, which are too little realized because we spend so much time proving how different we are from each other. Of this association the English language is the instrument. It is a stronger argument than blood, it is stronger than commerce, though Great Britain is our best customer, it is stronger than our common speech, since this reveals as easily as it conciliates discrepant ambitions and conflicts of selfishness. This argument rests on the language of the mind, and of those emotions back of reason which have been conditioned by a long common history of struggle to build that most difficult and most promising of all projects in human history—a democratic state in which the individual can prosper while remaining, mentally, spiritually, economically his own man.

We have not built it yet, but in the United States, in Canada, in the Antipodes, in Great Britain and Ireland, and wherever English is spoken by men and women conscious of the founding fathers of the American Republic, or of what Tennyson called the "long island story," the ideal, half realized, needs little discussion, whatever the quarrel over ways and means. This "inheritance of freedom," as Thoreau called it, is our greatest asset in the conflict still at its peak between man and the state. It is an asset doubled when shared with the like-minded. It is a purpose which will be lost even in so vigorous a country as ours, if surrounded by an unlike-minded world and a border of weakening democracies.

H. S. C.

The White Rainbow

By Starr Nelson

WHEN his bones are as seaweed, when his sweet tongue is parched
Unto madness, and the salt-glazed eyeballs for the last time
From raft, or coral reef, or rock, search rime
Of seas or centuries, O God, let there be arched
Over the blue-black ocean's dolorous thunder—
Over Bolerium's waters rolling cold,
Over the split sea-chest and the broken hold—
The lunar rainbow bridging death and wonder!

For under that undinal curve night's arteries
Swell with white ships moving in gauzy shrouds
Through clouds of sea-birds white on glimmering seas,
And dolphins like new moons in water-clouds,—
And men halloo across the waves who sang in their drowning breath
"Let him who may sight glory before death."

(Note: the white, or lunar, rainbow is one of the rarest of natural phenomena, judging by the few reports by eye-witnesses available in print. Or else few are the eye-witnesses who have survived to describe it!)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Marvell's Variant Line

SIR: Anthony Blount's appeal (SRL, Dec. 29) to your "poets, professors, and ornithologists" for more light on a doubtful line in Andrew Marvell's much anthologized poem, "The Garden," was by you entitled "Somebody's Wrong." A little research suggests the interesting possibility that that somebody may have been the poet himself.

Why, asked Mr. Blount, do we find "Then whets and *claps* its silver wings" in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," but "Then whets and *combs* its silver wings" in Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse?" And why, he might have added, does a long shelf of anthologies, from 1861 to 1941, made by both poets and professors, break down into an almost equal number of "combers" and "clappers"?

The answer will, I think, be found in the two earliest independent editions of Marvell's collected poems, both posthumous, both uncritical, both based on manuscripts, some in the poet's own hand. That of 1681, sponsored by his alleged wife Mary, is our authority for *combs;* that of 1776, by Captain Edward Thompson, for *claps.* Thompson has been disparaged as "a versatile sailor with a passion for print," but the manuscript book which he obtained from Marvell's grandnephew may have contained as authentic a copy of "The Garden" as was possessed by "Mary."

My guess is that many copies of "The Garden" were confided by our poet to his friends, and that in them his soul (our bird) sometimes *clapped* and sometimes *combed* its wings. And I doubt that your ornithologist can here be very helpful.

R. D. MILLER.

Baltimore, Md.

Chess in Fiction

SIR: May I ask your readers to send me references to short stories and novels in which chess is a major narrative interest? I am compiling a bibliography of such stories as Stefan Zweig's "The Royal Game" and John P. Marquand's "The End Game," as well as of such novels as Conrad Aiken's "Blue Voyage," in which a whole chapter is given to a chess game. A five-page mimeographed preliminary list will be sent gratis to those interested, as long as the supply lasts.

KESTER SVENDSEN.

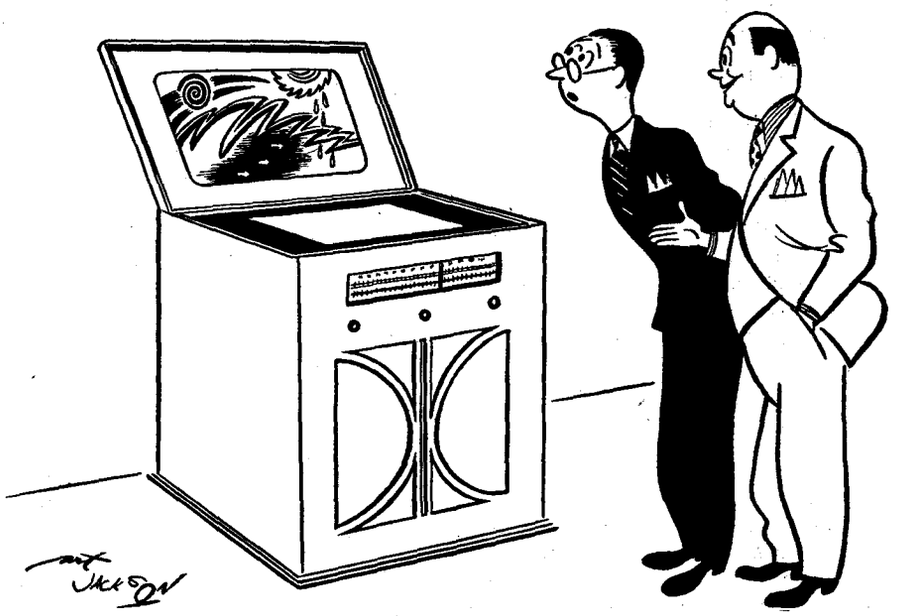
Department of English,
University of Oklahoma,
Norman, Okla.

The Price of Progress

SIR: In your issue of January 19, "Hahneman: The Adventurous Career of a Medical Rebel," by Martin Gumpert, is reviewed by Albert Q. Maisel. The first sentence in the review is: "The path of medical progress is strewn with the bodies of rebellious innovators."

You could delete "medical" and the sentence would be equally true.

PFC. ANDREW M. LINN, U.S.M.C.
Washington, D. C.



"Might be static and then again it might be a surrealist art exhibit!"

Minnesota Guy Reports

SIR: We of the hinterland have a tendency to slither ignominiously from Olympus now and then on what Mr. St. John Ervine would no doubt delicately call our *derrières.* We "smirking ignoramuses" do, however, usually consider any statement in its context before blowing our tops; and that context may include not only the words, but the background and circumstances.

My inquiry regarding Soren Kierkegaard was prompted simply by curiosity; there are probably millions of people who have never heard of him, just as there are millions, I am sure, who have never heard of St. John Ervine. My use of the word "guy" was, perhaps, unfortunate. I should have considered the revulsion with which our British friends (and relatives) view the term, connected as it is with a regrettable occurrence of some years ago, when a feller in the cellar nearly caused a big boom in parliamentary real estate.

But after spending seven or eight hours a day in the classroom, mending split infinitives and propping up dangling participles, one feels an inclination to let down one's literary hair. The language of the street often packs a punch unattainable in so-called "correct" English. If it were not so, I'm sure such men of genius as Michelangelo and Hugo and Balzac and Shakespeare would not have used so much of it. I think there's precedent enough for even teachers and modern authors to stoop from their rarefied atmosphere now and then. Or to preserve the language inviolate, must we choose, like Browning's Duke, "never to stoop?" With reference to this particular "incivility," Mr. Ervine should know that when I speak of my friend as "a right guy," I'm not expressing scorn or distaste; in fact, I'm simply oozing admiration.

It's all a matter of usage, isn't it? Certain idioms, familiar enough in the polite speech of England, would be considered downright vulgar here. I'm thinking particularly of the expression urging one to keep his chin, or his spirits, up. And there's the odd one meaning to awaken a person by pounding on the door.

Well, I'm no longer as uncouth as I was, anyway. I know who Kierkegaard is; I've been bawled out (internationally) by an expert; and I still think that Kierkegaard, and Shakespeare, and Newton, and Beethoven—yes, and Mr. Ervine, too—are great guys!

ALLAN E. GOWER
South St. Paul, Minn.

Where Is Madge Jenison?

SIR: I am helping to prepare an anthology in which I wish to use a short story by Madge Jenison. I should be very grateful if any of your readers could give me information as to her whereabouts.

CAROLINE SHRODES.
Stockton Junior College,
Stockton, Calif.

Dust Jacket Plaint

SIR: I'm sick of male scribes in
nonchalant pose,
Debonairely tugging on pipes.
Their wind-tousled hair and country
squire "togs,"
I'm sick of. (Period.) *Cripes!!!*

VERA MACBETH JONES.
Baltimore, Md.

Reviewords

SIR: So trite, so corny it's not funny
(For my own dough) is "for my
money."
I'll kick until I have a sore knee
At critics who keep using "corny."

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.
New York, N. Y.

Harsh Decorative Note

SIR: Neither wine nor any grapes
To those who call their curtains
"drapes."

ETHEL M. DANENHOWER.
Old Lyme, Connecticut.

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Nice Work If You Want It

MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON. By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press. 1946. 233 *pp.* $2.00.

Reviewed by JOSEPH W. LIPPINCOTT

THERE are good tigers and there are bad tigers, but in Major Corbett's book we read only of some of the very worst, beginning with the Champawat man-eater who, before the author undertook the dangerous task of stalking her to earth, had killed two hundred human beings in Nepal and another 234 in the Kumaon section of India. No exaggeration is needed to make this a hair-raising story, nor does this author in his accounts of a number of terrible but fascinatingly clever man-killers, both male and female, ever deviate from the facts. His experiences are vouched for by Sir Maurice Hallett, Governor of the United Provinces of India, and by Lord Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, 1936-43, who back him in no uncertain terms; therefore, his book is history and as such does for tiger hunting what Col. J. H. Patterson has done for lion hunting in "The Man-eaters of Tsavo." One great difference is shown in the operations of these two kinds of big cats; the lion hunts men at night, the tiger usually by the light of day, each developing his ruthless art in accordance with this circumstance.

Major Corbett met his first tiger some fifty years before he finally disposed of the last killer that he chronicles, the Thak man-eater, and for thirty-two of these years he was in more or less regular pursuit of man-eaters in whatever section they harassed. His knowledge of tigers, of the other jungle creatures, and of nature in general in the great Indian wilderness may well be termed unparalleled; and the glimpses he gives us of another great man-killer, the leopard, are certainly spectacular. There were two leopards in Kumaon which between them accounted for 525 human lives, only a few less per animal than in the case of one of the tigers. Such numbers pale the feats of the worst Bluebeard and are understandable only when we consider that the great Indian cats, both tigers and leopards, killed for their daily food over long periods. In the case of the tigers it is pointed out that man-eaters invariably learned their bad habits after being crippled by gun-shot, old age, or the quills of porcupines, and therefore were, at least for a time, unable to capture the deer and other elusive wild animals which are their natural prey. For instance, two of the canine teeth of the Champawat man-eater were broken. The Chowgarh lioness, who accounted for 64 human lives, had one broken canine tooth; and all her front teeth were worn down to the bone and her claws were broken and bushed out. The left foreleg of the Mohan man-eater contained between twenty-five and thirty porcupine quills, the longest five inches, all of them festering in the flesh. It is pointed out that the tiger kills with his teeth and grips with his claws.

The size and strength of the tigers will astound many readers. The spectacular and handsome Bachelor of Powalgarh, who from 1920 to 1930

was the most sought-after big game trophy in Kumaon Province, measured ten feet, seven inches in length. What weight of flesh a tiger can consume at a meal is not given, but the author states that one of them can eat a big sambur deer in two days and a buffalo in three, leaving possibly a small snack for the fourth. We learn, too, that a tiger always *carries* away its kills no matter how heavy, and that it may eat practically every particle, even including blood-soaked clothing.

A man-eating tiger displays characteristics that make him an outstanding individual, a criminal of profound and unique strategy, consequently the stalking and final killing of each one of them presents a new problem and different kinds of danger worthy of a Sherlock Holmes. The author developed a sixth-sense which warned him of the presence of any killer that tried to turn the tables and stalk him in the jungle. He missed death dozens of times in a long series of almost miraculous escapes.

It is one thing to shoot driven tigers from the comparative safety of an elephant's back, but quite another to turn sleuth in the manner of Jim Corbett and trail without any escort a sophisticated, deadly man-eater, day after day where one could see only a few feet ahead and where every step might be the last. That the government and the simple folk of the region learned to rely upon his prowess is small wonder, for certainly no hunter could possess greater courage or more perseverance in this his chosen sport which he considered also a sacred duty.

Major Corbett was born in India and lived there all his life except for an interlude during the First World War when he took to France a labor corps from his native hills and later made a visit to England. In the Second World War he aided in training the troops which were preparing for the invasion of Burma's jungles. From the time he was a boy, shooting game was his greatest passion, in a region which teemed with wild birds and wild animals, a veritable paradise, in which he studied, as well, the native flora, including orchids beautiful beyond compare. In consequence his story is clothed in a wealth of information on all phases of jungle life that will delight the many who may at first have no particular interest in hunting.

To lovers of dogs the account of the author's little companion, Robin, will carry special appeal. Robin had the faculty of getting mixed up with leopards in his tiger hunts and at one time "with ears laid and tail tucked in was running for dear life, with an enormous leopard bounding after him and gaining on him at every bound." On another occasion, "Robin stopped. I presently saw what had attracted his attention—the tip of the leopard's tail slowly raised and as slowly lowered—the warning a leopard invariably gives before charging. Pivoting to the right on my heels, I had just got the rifle to my shoulder when the leopard burst through the intervening bushes and sprang at us."

In every way it is an amazing and satisfying book, instructive as much as it is entertaining. In this changing world it is difficult to conceive that another like it can ever be written, for the old India foothill country will inevitably become more and more civilized, and I can imagine only one man of the extraordinary calibre of Jim Corbett.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 627)

WILLISON:

SAINTS AND STRANGERS

They were not pale plaster saints hollow and bloodless. . . . Far from being Victorian, the Pilgrims were children of another and a greater age, the Elizabethan, and in their lives reflected many of the qualities of that amazing age.

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"Do you hear voices?" he asked

"Of course," she said. "I hear yours." But he did not mean real voices. He was speaking, he said, of voices that were not real and yet they were voices he expected her to hear. He seemed determined that she should hear them. He was the head psychoanalyst at Juniper Hill State Hospital. She was his most perplexing patient—an attractive, witty woman of the world who didn't know how she had gotten there and was bewildered and frightened by what was happening...

➡ *The absorbing and fascinating story of this girl's year at the asylum—with all the methods, new and old, used to restore her to sanity—makes a book that will have the same impact on the reader as THE LOST WEEKEND.*

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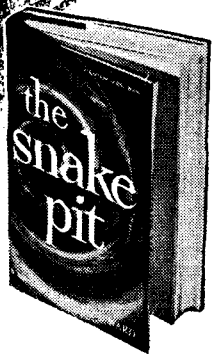

the snake pit

A NOVEL BY MARY JANE WARD

Everywhere, $2.50, **RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,** *Publishers of the Modern Library*

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TRADE Winds

THE SPORTS PAGES are full of a lot of stories about the impending Kentucky Derby, and a new novel by James Branch Cabell, to be called "There Were Two Pirates," has been announced for fall publication. These two entirely unrelated facts lend a strange timeliness to a fascinating letter received by Trade Winds from Mr. Bruce Starks:

> You are being burdened with this story because you have become the curator of anecdotes in any way connected with the Arts, and particularly with writers, and this is a story about Archie Robertson, whose book "Slow Train to Yesterday" has recently been published, and also indirectly about Mr. James Branch Cabell.
>
> The second paragraph on page 65 of "Slow Train to Yesterday" reads: "On a May evening in 1932, young and broke, I parked on the crest of the Blue Ridge to watch the sunset. Besides the clothes on my back, I owned a small equity in my new car and a seasonal winter-resort job from which I was returning for a visit home."
>
> That was a sad May for all of us in Louisville, and just about everyone was broke. Five Louisville banks had folded in unison on a bleak Monday morning the previous November, and not since 1865 had there been a greater shortage of solvent Kentuckians. Colonel (he owned a car) Robertson arrived home amidst this dearth of cash on the first Saturday in May, which, as everyone knows, is always Derby Day, excepting in 1945. He phoned me and asked me what my plans were for seeing the race. As we had suffered together at his beloved Male High, and had later on been room-mates at Harvard, I told him the worst, and invited him to come on to my apartment and hear the race with me. He came, bringing part of a bottle of non-bonded Bourbon.
>
> No one but a native Kentuckian could appreciate the tragic pathos of our situation that afternoon. Contrary to popular conviction, Derby Day is not simply a Saturday set aside for the hotel and restaurant proprietors of Louisville to retaliate upon the Yankees for their effrontery in outlasting the South in the War Between the States. It means as much to Kentuckians as the opening of "Gone With the Wind" meant to the people of Atlanta, and you can find plenty of Louisvillians who have been to every Derby since they were carried to the first ones in long clothes, and who can name the winners and their prices from Aristides on up to date. Archie and I were frankly depressed, and moodily sipped Bourbon highballs, lacking the spirit to crush mint for juleps.
>
> Archie had been glancing around the apartment with a speculative expression on his face, and finally I noticed that he was staring up at the top shelf of one of my bookcases where the Storisende Edition of "The Works of James Branch Cabell" reposed in unopened and uncut dignity, three volumes to a slip case, eighteen volumes in all, for which I had paid ten dollars the volume.
>
> Well, the first secondhand bookstore we tried on Second Street offered us twenty dollars for the set. We hauled the books back to Archie's car and tried the other secondhand bookstore in Louisville, on Liberty Street. Time was running out on us, so when we got the bid up to thirty dollars spot cash the deal was closed, and we were off to Churchill Downs with forty-five minutes left before post-time of the Derby race. Archie found a parking place that charged us only one dollar, and we bought two tickets for the grandstand. Without a reserved seat our chances of actually seeing a horse were slim; but at least we were on the premises. But then Archie, who is a man of considerable savoir faire, found a boy who sold us the privilege of standing upon a plank supported by ice cream freezers for one dollar each. And we still had around twenty dollars.
>
> In those days, and probably even today, Kentuckians habitually bet on the Bradley Entry; so while Archie guarded our places on the freezers I stood in line at the parimutuel and put the last of our cash on the Bradley Entry, on the nose, of course.
>
> The Bradley colt that had a chance that year was named Brother Joe. We learned that, and his number, from a man standing next to us on the plank.
>
> Leaving you to fill in for yourself the familiar local color about Boots and Saddles, the playing of "My Old Kentucky Home," the little man in the pink coat on the gray horse leading the parade to the post, etc., etc., etc., and skipping to the finish of the race, be it known that Brother Joe was not good enough, not by several horse-lengths, and most of them were occupied by horses. The crowd yelled "Burgoo King!" and Archie and I climbed down from our plank and sadly shook our heads.
>
> We were just starting to tear up our tickets when somebody in the crowd said, "Good old Bradley! Done it again!" And it was only then that we learned that Burgoo King was the other half of the Bradley Entry. At the pay-off window we cashed our tickets for one hundred and eighty dollars, which, by the wondrous workings of providence, was the exact original cost of the Storisende Edition!
>
> That was long ago, and I have missed most of the Derbies since then, and have given up such foolishness as gambling. Otherwise I would offer you eight to five that you can't produce another purchaser of the Storisende Edition who ever got all of his money back out of it, not to mention two tickets to the Derby to boot. . . .

ONE OF THE most promising new book publishing ventures in years is William Sloane Associates. Mr. Sloane, with Norman Hood, Keith Jennison, and Helen Taylor, all previous executives of Henry Holt & Co., will sponsor their first list this fall . . . Joseph Brandt remains as president of Holt. He faces a difficult task in finding new editors as capable as the ones he has lost—but Joe has accomplished miracles in publishing before! . . . A new factor in Holt affairs is a Texas millionaire who acquired a big block of stock in the open market . . .

PERCY BLAND, of the Ferris Printing Company, sent the following letter to Ted Rinehart. Comment would be superfluous:

> Kindly place our order for 25 copies of "Battle Report," Volume 2. In connection with this book, I am presenting the following human interest story.
>
> As I told you, we have employed a considerable number of ex-service men who are now in the process of learning the printing trade. Among these are several Navy veterans.
>
> As we were printing "Battle Report," Volume 2, one of these men, Frank Arthur Spiller, a Navy veteran, helped lay out the plates for the press. Discovering that the book was about the Navy, he took home a rough set of proofs to read and found his name listed on page 487 as a recipient of the Navy and Marine Corps Medal.
>
> No one at Ferris, until he mentioned finding his name in the book, had known that he had received a citation. I talked to him this morning and discovered just what had happened in conjunction with the event that led up to his being cited. His citation is as follows:
>
> FRANK ARTHUR SPILLER
> COXSWAIN
> UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE
>
> "For extraordinary heroism and outstanding performance of duty in rescuing three shipmates from the

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". . . and heaven help you find a house."

sinking portion of the U.S.S. *Glennon,* when that vessel struck a mine.

"When the mine was struck, Coxswain Spiller, who was below in a living compartment, was thrown up and out through a break in the deck, and then fell back inside. He saw immediately that there were many men still in the compartment, and with great presence of mind, he remained to assist wounded to safety. He was the last to leave and left just as the compartment became submerged. He succeeded in removing three wounded men, although wounded himself.

"The courage, initiative, judgment, and prompt actions displayed by Coxswain Spiller on this occasion were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

"Harold R. Stark
Admiral, U. S. Navy"

This action took place between June 8 and 10, 1944, in the Bay of Seine, France.

An event not mentioned in the citation was the fact that, in addition to his saving three of his shipmates, he also saved the payroll sack with $60,000 in it. As he describes it, he saw the payroll sack, recognized it for what it was, and decided he might as well take it along with him.

In conjunction with this action, he also received the Purple Heart.

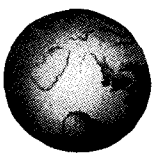
To me, the most remarkable part of the whole thing is that Spiller, who, previous to his coming with us, had no intention of ever being in the printing business, should arrive just at the time we were printing "Battle Report." The chance of this chain of events occurring is so slight as to be fantastic.

THERE IS A movement afoot to coax Leo Cherne, the economist, into writing a book of poetry, the title of which, of course, would be "A Cherne for the Verse." . . . And David Feltz, Decatur's ace commentator, thinks "General Ike's wife should dash off a volume called 'My Three Years *Without* Eisenhower'." . . . The latter's greatest tribute to the late General Patton's military skill, incidentally, came at the climax of the battle for Europe. Somebody asked, "Where's Patton?" "How in hell should I know?" answered Eisenhower. "I haven't heard from him for three hours." . . . In a letter to the *Herald Tribune,* an unknown philosopher has diagnosed to his own satisfaction the cause of our current capital-labor difficulties. "The trouble with this country," he announces solemnly, "is that the poor people have all the money." . . . Two atom bombs are about to fall on Chicago's literary world. . . . Major Patrick Dolan conceived a bold idea in 1943: a fake Nazi radio station that would broadcast demoralizing orders and propaganda inside the Reich. He will tell the story of the brilliant execution of the scheme in a thriller called "Operation Annie" (Rinehart: fall publication). The canny Alfred Hitchcock has the screen rights sewed up. . . .

A gent named Henry L. Mencken inquires, "Can somebody tell me the etymology of the common American term, 'to goose'?" Is there an ornithologist in the house?

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



IF I HAD MORE ROOM here, I could do something other than make a few general remarks about **Western World** by ROYCE BRIER. But, lest such remarks as I do make be very inadequate, they must be general. This is because the scope of this book is Western civilization itself.

Perhaps someone will have the ingenuity, under the stimulus of pecuniary aggrandizement, to invent a new rage in parlor games. The hands will be dealt, and perhaps you will be playing *food forces,* your husband *trade forces,* your partners will be tracing *cultural forces.* Pretty well along in the game you may find that happiness and machines are incompatible, or that with regard to Germany, "no great people has found its own temperament so disparaged by its own literary exponents".

But if you read **Western World,** you will be playing such a game with yourself. For here is a literary penicillin, a rather elementary mould formed by the common forces of the past, the bread of our civilization. Take two or three chapters before bedtime, and by the time you come to the chapter called Summer, you will begin to see clearly the forces which, seeping and boiling through the centuries, came to make that ominous summer of 1939 the safety valve of the latest crisis in our civilization.

What this Pulitzer Prize author shows us unmistakably, is that there are no historical doctors who can determine what stage of this latest crisis we are now in. All we can know is that when Western civilization "ceases to grow, to dare everything, every answer and every fate, when it ceases to put itself in danger of the judgment, but shrinks back, awed and gray and in quest of refuge from the endless peril of living, then say to it, hail and farewell."

We have become too complicated a civilization to be able to trace the intricate siftings of a Spengler. **Western World** gives us a diagnosis of existence which is clear as a bell. And if you don't agree with its conclusions, you at least will be certain of that with which you disagree.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

A TALE OF ONE CITY

GOD! Was I happy to see America again!" He was a young Texan; at first sight, the kind of boy you would expect to see as a contestant in any rodeo. He was thin, tanned, scraggly; a healthy extrovert, you would have said, until you noticed that his face wore an expression of pain which refused to quit it when he laughed. He had the cowboy look, even if driving a Fort Worth taxi did happen to be his job.

He had been a paratrooper; a proud member of the proud 101st Airborne Division. He had seen the works—in the air and on the ground. For three months he had been a German prisoner. The wretched gruel he had forced himself to eat had cost him his teeth. He had been beaten badly, too, on the head and back, and had his left hand crushed, for showing his Texan independence by spitting in a German officer's face. His description of the fear which had possessed him every time he had had to jump from a plane; of the broken legs and fractured arms his friends had sustained when they, also, had jumped; and of the boys he had known who were shot in the air or when they landed in trees, was something to freeze the blood.

"Yes, sir, I was goddamn glad to get back. Twenty-one months is too long a time. But comin' back wasn't easy. This country don't know a damn thing about the war, 'n seems to care less.

"Why, do you know," he asked, and the smile faded from his face, "when our troop ship came in, we anchored right off Coney Island. 'N guess what they were doing there? They had one of those World's Fair parachute machines set up, 'n hundreds of people were paying good money to take jumps on it—jus' for the fun of it; jus' to giggle and shriek—when we hadn't had any fun jumpin' at all. Can you beat that? That was my first view of home, 'n it made me mad."

I could not help thinking of this young Texan when, the other afternoon in the midst of New York's comfort, I dropped in to see "Open City."* For this Italian film, dealing with Rome during the German occupation, is the most eloquent and pulverizing proof the motion-pictures have yet set before us of how different for civilians was the world of war that Europe knew from the one that we knew here.

"Open City," may I quickly point out, is not a documentary. Yet it gives the illusion of being one. Its anguishes do not appear to have been tricked up for the screen. They seem as genuine as if, by coincidence, an appalling sequence of events had just happened to take place in orderly narrative fashion before the newsreel cameras. The picture leaves us feeling, not as if we had been listening to dialogue, but as if we had eavesdropped on the actual speech of mortals tested almost beyond mortal endurance.

There is melodrama. Plenty of it. It is of that lurid, Jean Valtin kind in which Hollywood would revel for purely cinematic reasons. In "Open City," however, this melodrama is part of the film's accuracy as coverage of that most monstrous of all melodramas—war itself. It is sprung from the actualities an invaded nation was forced to survive rather than from the contrivance a scenarist was free to imagine. In peaceful California this tale of the Underground's struggle with the Nazis would have been told in Dietrich and von Stroheim terms. In war-torn Italy its characters wear no make-up except the mascara of human misery.

The studio touch is, for the most part, blessedly missing. Street scene follows street scene in which the people act like people, not actors. Even the central figures—the Catholic priest; the Communist leader; his actress-sweetheart, whose love of luxuries leads her to betray him; the printer for the Underground, and his proletarian fiancée who is shot down by the Germans on the night before she was to be married—all of these manage to behave so naturally that one is never allowed to realize that they are also performing.

This constant sense of the candid camera at work is, of course, an illusion, skillfully created and maintained to contribute to both the power and illusion of the film itself. Yet it is the product of more than the art which conceals art. It is the expression of artists who have something far beyond mere showmanship on their minds and in their hearts.

The Italian studio which made the picture was not merely turning out a film. It was recording the agony of a city; the horror that was Rome, when, with death, starvation, and disease as their companions, her people lived under the blight of the German terror and faced the barbarism of Nazi torture chambers.

This cross-section of what Rome endured is suggested in terms of the families who dwell in flats around

. . . for all people who knew the war only in this country, and hence cannot . . . imagine what civilians elsewhere endured, 'Open City' should be shotgun seeing."

*OPEN CITY (Citta Aperta), *screen play by Sergio Amidei and F. Fellini. Directed by Roberto Rosselini. English titles by Pietro di Donato and Herman G. Weinberg. Produced in Italy by Excelsa, and released in United States by Mayer-Burstyn, Inc. With a cast including Aldo Fabrizi, Anna Magnani, Marcello Pagliero, Vito Annicchiarico, Mario Michi, Henry Feist, etc. At the World Theatre.*

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THE Magnificent Yankee
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ROYALE THEATRE W. 45th St. • Evs. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

of the Resistance is strong; of the cellars and back rooms of that building in which the workers of the Underground labor; and of the rooftops over which they escape, when the street outside is suddenly filled with German troops.

The heroes of "Open City" are a Communist leader, and a priest who does not realize until late in the picture that his partner in the Resistance belongs to the anti-Catholic "Reds." The two men work together in spite of the cleavage in their hopes and points of view. The one is concerned with this world; the other with the next. The threat of Nazism unites them, making them forget their differences and bringing out what is noblest in each.

Both of them are aware, as their German captor is not, that beyond physical prowess there is moral grandeur. And both of them possess it. Each dies without revealing the secrets he knows; the Communist after facing manifold tortures, including having a blowtorch applied to his throat; the priest when he is strapped to a chair before a firing squad. They die as heroes but without heroics. They meet death as thousands of average men in and out of uniform did during the war years. Because of their ability to die as they do, our faith in man's living is renewed.

"Open City," however, is too true a film to be concerned only with nobility. It is much too close to the hungers, deprivations, and cruelties of conflict not to recognize that the frail are made frailer by war's testing no less surely than the strong gain an unsuspected strength. In depicting these human weaknesses the film goes its way without false underscoring, precisely as it does when courage is its theme. Its interior scenes of family life, even its close-ups, seem unposed. They are casual; above all, honest. We are hardly ever aware of professional actors, only of men, women, and children, suffering, hating, hoping.

A proof of the picture's skill and a measure of its integrity is the performance given by Aldo Fabrizi as the Catholic priest. One only has to think how Hollywood would have sentimentalized the part and dunked it in glamor to understand from what

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BENNY GOODMAN
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MEL POWELL
PAT HENNING
PARAMOUNT
Times Square
Midnight Feature Nightly

it is that Fabrizi spares us. He is not a handsome man. His is a plain face. Yet it is full of wisdom; lined by life. His goodness comes from within; so does his acting. He is a priest—any good parish priest—such as might be encountered anywhere in Italy, going quietly about his duties. Like Anna Magnani, who is so admirable as Pina, the proletarian fiancée shot down by the Germans, Fabrizi is one of the countless characters who appear to have been photographed without knowing it.

The truth is that for all people who knew the war only in this country, and hence cannot be expected to imagine what civilians elsewhere endured, "Open City" should, I believe, be shotgun seeing. I suspect that young Texan paratrooper would agree with me. It is an agonizing but extraordinary film.

JOHN MASON BROWN

Success Story

HURRY UP AND WAIT. By Margaret Buel Wilder. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

So much that had to do with the war has so quickly disappeared that "Hurry Up and Wait," sprightly and sometimes amusing story of a wife's successful activities as a writer while her husband is overseas with the army, seems already more dated than topical.

This particular wife was not content merely to wait as the girl that Lieutenant, then Captain, Tim Hilton left behind him. She took a part-time job with a Dayton newspaper, began a column called "Letters to a Soldier from His Wife." The letters became the basis for a successful book, "Since You Went Away," and the book finally became a motion picture.

"Hurry Up and Wait" is the story of how it all happened, of how exciting it all was, and how Anne Hilton felt about it all.

Adventure trips over adventure as Anne goes to Hollywood, sees her agent, talks with Mr. Selznick, starts writing the movie, buys clothes, manages party dresses for the girls' Christmas, buys a house, giggles with Shirley Temple who plays Brig, as Jennifer Jones was to play Jan, in the pictured version of "Since You Went Away."

A serious note enters at the end of "Hurry Up and Wait" when Anne realizes that she really wants to stay on in Hollywood and write. A long letter from Tim in England complicates the situation. He had been in advertising before the war but now feels he must stay on in Europe after the war to aid in the reconstruction of the world.

Yet the seriousness seems an afterthought, though it may be a portent. "Hurry Up and Wait" is a gay and happy book, very feminine, domestic, even girlish, and not always completely free from gush.

Formula for a thrill

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3 persistent men
1 family skeleton
1 tower room

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By the author of
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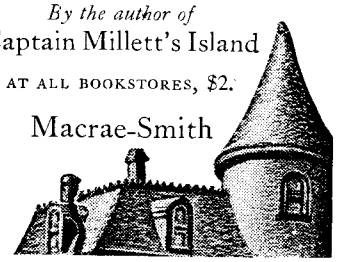

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Grandma and Other Folks

COUSIN FROM FIJI. By Norman Lindsay. New York: Random House. 1946. 286 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

TO the host of preposterous persons who currently stalk the pages of humorous literature, Mr. Lindsay brings, as his hopeful additions, the Womkin family and those who deal with them, a group of rather wild individuals who, once they have caught the public eye, are very likely to take turns spitting in it. Mr. Lindsay takes us to Australia, casts us into the life of a community of the nineties, confronts us with a Grandma who locks herself in the privy during a family reunion, and leaves us there to flounder hysterically for a while. If he had seen fit to condense the first mad portion of his book and get right down to what turns out, half way through, to be rather an amusing story, we might feel a good deal more kindly disposed toward him.

But Mr. Lindsay belongs, among other things, to that school of writers who believe in tossing their readers ruthlessly around before getting down to anything in particular. We are introduced to Grandma—one of those women who are loosely described as "remarkable"—to her daughter Cecelia, a seductive and flighty individual who romances simultaneously with her unworldly young daughter—to Sarah, whose sheltered child, Florence, turns up four months pregnant—to the enterprising and mildly corrupt Uncle George—to the harried man next door—to all sorts of active individuals with names like Biddlecombe and Slithersole. We are introduced to them, left to wander around with them, in a book which seems to have an acute case of hyperthyroid.

Then, too, Mr. Lindsay is apparently one of those who believe that the words "belly," and "bottom" (among others), inserted alliteratively and unexpectedly in every possible place, will do wonders for their sense of humor. This school of outspokenness has found expression with many humorists of late, most of them much keener and far more constructive than the author of the Domkin family. Couched in perspicacious and effective satire, it does not seem out of place; but it is very likely to become offensive, once it attempts to be its own excuse for being. Thus Mr. Lindsay, whose sense of satire is not always the quality which comes to the fore, gives the impression that he is offering nothing more constructive than a light, wild dabble in the bawdier phases of human conduct. If he had not been so tantalizing as to keep his story and all coherent aspects of his book almost hidden until at least half way through, the result might well have been a far more gratifying piece of work. Grandma herself, who strikes the note for the behavior of her entire family, could have done a neat job of holding the story together. She is a fascinating, almost Carrollian character, a Mad Hatter of a woman who does much credit to her author. But she, like everyone else, is smothered in the farce and confusion which mark the first half. One's total impression is governed, not by strong, coherent pictures of people like Grandma, but by vague, flitting, half-distracted notions; everything seems, suddenly, to take on the character of Cecelia's crazy contracted-but-run-on sentences. The confusion into which we are initially thrown is never mitigated by what, when it finally appears, turns out to be a fairly healthy plot.

It is unfortunate, but probably certain, that even if he had been coherent, Mr. Lindsay would not have been entirely successful. His manner is extremely pretentious, and it is an inspired character like Grandma, and the mad situations which find their source in her impulses, which save his story. All of which only goes to show that the humorous novelist, whose requirements are double-fold, is indeed precariously perched.

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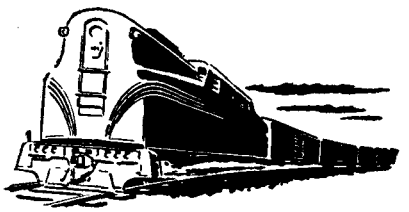

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INNOCENTS ABROAD

(*Continued from page 6*)

Much unnecessary ill-feeling has resulted from innocent oversights. The sight of hundreds of GI's carrying the week's PX ration—unwrapped because of paper shortage—around Paris encouraged the delusion that the American soldier's supplies of candy, soap, and cigarettes were virtually unlimited; the fact that when he parted with them it was generally to supplement his limited fund of francs for entertainment created an impression of insatiable commercialism. (A rule that PX supplies be carried home in a musette bag would have given the GI a less Father Christmas-like appearance.)

Frequently circumstances have conspired with failures on both sides to create unpleasantness. The American soldier's Good-Time-Charlie attitude toward postwar Europe has had disconcerting consequences. After enduring the unspeakable hardships of war, the GI pardonably concluded on VE-Day that it was time for a party; he began to look on the recently liberated capitals as playgrounds —bare and battered playgrounds, but still places where you could have a gay time if you tried hard enough. The British, worse paid and more strictly disciplined, did not plunge so earnestly into the pursuit of wine, women, and song; they had less fun but retained more dignity and a better reputation. They also escaped getting deeply involved in the unpleasant question of whether the gent behind the cash register was fleecing his brave allies and liberators.

In most of the liberated countries, and most markedly in France, the local currency was pegged by agreement with the United States at a dollar rate which made the highly inflated prices seem exorbitant to the American soldier. Translating French francs into dollars at the arbitrary and unreal official rate, he found that he was paying one dollar for a glass of vermouth in a small bar, $2.50 for indifferent cognac in a nightclub, $12 for poor champagne, $30 to $40 for a twosome dinner in a black market restaurant, and $12 for the taxi ride home at night (if he was lucky enough to find a taxi). Seeing the local citizenry splurging in restaurants and nightclubs with no apparent care for the cost, he concluded that he was being swindled, that there was a special "sucker's tariff" for Americans. In general there was not; except in the shadier establishments, French and Americans were charged the same prices, acceptable

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to the newly emerged café society of Paris. The peculiar clientele of Paris nightclubs is largely made up of black market profiteers—former millionaires blowing their capital on a prolonged post-liberation binge, and canny farmers and manufacturers who amassed fortunes by selling to the Germans while somehow keeping their records clear of punishable collaboration.

Americans on leave, rubbing elbows in night clubs with this well-heeled clique of parasites and racketeers, which constitutes less than one-fiftieth of the population of Paris, one-fifth of one percent of the French nation, sometimes concluded that the French in general must be pretty well off. The French night club proprietor, to whom the wealth of Americans is axiomatic, concluded that these visitors griping about the check were behaving like tight-fisted cheapskates; had not the Americans, in tourist garb, impressed upon Europe two decades earlier that money was "no object"? Neither he nor the average soldier fully appreciated that the whole issue hinged upon the value of the dollar, fixed at any absurdly low rate in relation to the franc partly for the specific purpose of preventing the Americans from buying up the few luxuries available on the French market. Now the dollar-franc ratio is more realistic, but the Yanks have left Paris with the bitter conviction that they have been royally gypped.

Some of the Good-Time-Charlies whose hearts were hardened by the high price of Paris entertainment were also disillusioned by the discovery that French mademoiselles were not quite as easygoing as they had prematurely concluded from pop's glamorized reminiscences of World War I or their own brief experience in the emotionally supercharged days of actual wartime. French men, for their part, were piqued at the brash insistence with which hopeful GI's accosted young ladies on the fashionable boulevards where such behavior—socially acceptable after dark in Montmartre and Montparnasse, the stamping ground of professionals—is considered decidedly obstreperous. The GI naturally did a lot of complaining and in moments of sublimation transferred his gripe to French plumbing and the state of the roads. And then, at some stage of his career, the GI found himself transferred to Germany.

There the liquor, obtainable only in United States Army night clubs, was absurdly cheap, the plumbing was excellent, the highways were admirable, and the frauleins—as soon as the ban on fraternization was relaxed—were almost as complaisant as professional camp followers. Soon a certain percentage of GI's had reached the alarming conclusions disclosed by the army poll mentioned earlier.

A certain number of Americans *do* see through the Germans' obedient industry, their affability, and their eagerness to please—remember how readily their industry was harnessed to a philosophy of killing, know the sadism and arrogance that lie behind the mask of docility which it suits

(*Continued on page* 23)

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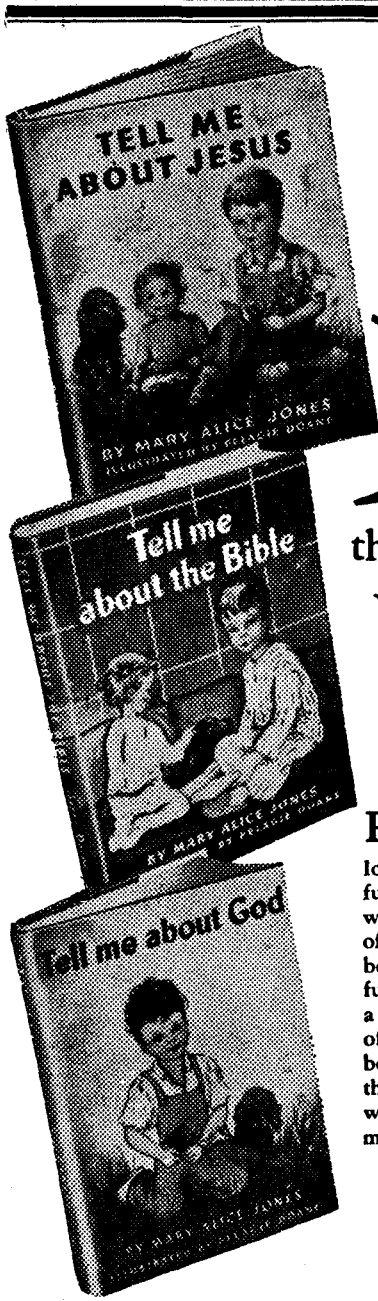

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	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
BEETHOVEN, PIANO CONCERTO #1 Toscanini, NBC Symph. Ania Dorfmann Victor M 1036 (4) $4.50	good	Too much reverberation. Loud parts confusing.	B+	Both older sets preferable to new one. Better pianists. Toscanini tempo uneven, last mvt. excessively fast. Bad ensemble. (see below) Schnabel set is best; Gieseking's orchestra is weak.
Earlier versions: Rosbaud, Berlin State Opera Orch. Gieseking. Columbia M 308 (4)* $4.50	good	Studio job; low reverberation. Weak highs.	A—	
Sargent, London Symph. Arthur Schnabel. Victor M 158 (5)* $5.50	good	Powerful for its age. Highs bit distorted.	B	
BEETHOVEN, CORIOLANUS OVERTURE Toscanini, NBC Symph. Victor 11-9023 (1) $1	Studio relatively dead in this one. Excellent ensemble tone.		A—	Toscanini's style music—tension is good. But lyric contrast missing. Strange tempo changes. (See below)
HAYDN, SYMPHONY #98 in B flat. Toscanini, NBC Symph. Victor M 1025 (4) $4.50	Good orchestral realism.		C	Old Barlow-CBS Symph. set has better ensemble, superior interpretation. (Col. M 370)

*Out of print

TOSCANINI, let it be said, is unquestionably one of the great conductors of this century. But there are others who outshine him at least in specialized fields if not in the ensemble. Barlow does better Haydn, Walter and Stiedry better Mozart. Koussevitsky plays better Debussy; Bernstein is far better for today's music, including Gershwin. But more important, as so often happens, Toscanini in his late years has sharpened and exaggerated the eccentricities of his approach to music. What was once an understandable taste for the minor Italians and for definitely old-fashioned contemporary works has developed into a choice of program that is hardly credible for one of the world's great interpreters.

What was once understandable dynamism and an unbelievable urge towards perfection has degenerated into an almost hysterical tension that can never relax. What were once refreshingly vigorous tempi after the heavy touch of other maestri now race along at an unmusical and indefensible pace (Beethoven Piano Concerto #1). Toscanini's music now, in a word, is harsh and overwrought.

It has entirely lost lyricism, and in some instances even its precision—by direct comparison it is easy to find that the men of a number of minor orchestras play just as precisely as Mr. Toscanini's and with better ensemble (Haydn Symphony #98). And perhaps most distressing of all, the wonderful rhythmic drive is turning now to an exaggerated unevenness of tempo (Coriolanus Overture). Only in the music of Italian and French opera is Toscanini still absolute master.

All of which is not a criticism of Toscanini, who a quarter century ago had already done enough for music to win our respect and admiration. Rather let's criticize his promoters, and warn them too. We all remember with embarrassment the last days of the great Paderewsky and the brazen, shameless exploitation of a great name—which put the elderly pianist and statesman on a national hookup at a time when he could scarcely move his hands on the keyboard and made pathetic little mistakes in his own simple minuet; which would have shown the living corpse to the multitude in Madison Square Garden if, mercifully, illness had not called a halt to the farce. We remember the more humorous exploitation of Schumann Heink, and those innumerable "Silent Nights," raucous testimony to a once-great voice.

Toscanini at his age retains an amazing energy. But the danger period has begun. Someone must cry stop. Stop, before his greatest work on records is marred (like the Paderewsky and Schumann Heink records) by a flood of unworthy and unfair performances made, *in extremis*, at the tail end of a fabulous career. Big-time publicity, better watch your step!

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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INNOCENTS ABROAD

(*Continued from page 21*)

them to wear in defeat, realize that the eagerness to please is part of a calculated effort to make the vanquished fatherland victorious in the first round of the peace. But many do not see these things and do not care.

There is only one thing that can be done about it. The word "education" conveys the exact idea of the wrong, namby-pamby approach that will make little or no difference. What is required is the kind of urgent, your-life-depends-on-it briefing given to bomber crews before a raid, to infantrymen before an attack, to amphibious troops before a landing: an intensive course of political briefing for every man in the occupation forces.

The root of our failure lies in the fact that the American soldier in Europe has never fully grasped the meaning of this war in relation to *his* country and to *his* home. He is sometimes irresponsible because he has not grasped his responsibility. He is sometimes gullible in his dealings with the Germans because he has no deep-rooted convictions about the logic and moral values of the war against Germany. In the back of the average GI's mind lurks the vague belief that he was sent to Europe to save Europe rather than to defend America.

The American soldier's increasing estrangement from his former allies, his increasing sympathy for his former enemy, his facile pessimism about Europe's future, and his belief that it doesn't matter what Europeans think of his personal behavior or of his country are all symptoms of a powerful hangover of the vicious isolationist fallacy. It should be—it could easily be—a part of the Army's daily program to expose that fallacy, to drive home, for the urgent purposes of peace, the totality of American involvement in world affairs and the wide implications of that total involvement; to analyze the character of the German and explain the tactics he is using to win the peace just as it explained his tactics in war. Unless the problem is soon drastically tackled, the rot will set in. There is grave danger that our occupation forces will be seduced by the enemy they have sacrificed so much to defeat.

Charles J. Rolo, author of "Radio Goes to War" and "Wingate's Raiders," has recently returned from Europe and the Middle East, where he spent seven months as correspondent for The Atlantic Monthly.

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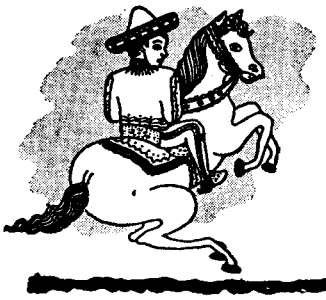

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Art Institute: Art in Akron Industry; Industrial Art Design — Walter Teague; Annual Exhibition Ohio Water Color Society; Selections from the Permanent Collection, through Apr.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Institute of History and Art: Fire, Fire!—Fires in Albany, to Apr. 28.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art: Museum's Choice, to Apr. 8; Arthur C. Goodwin, Apr. 15-May 20.

AUBURN, N. Y.

Cayuga Museum: Boston Guild of Artists; Health Exhibit, Old and New Drugs; Photographic Society of America; Cayuga County Historical Society Exhibition, through Apr.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: Paintings from the Permanent Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, Forbidden Art of the Third Reich, History of American Watercolor, to Apr. 14; European Expressionist Prints, to Apr. 26; Works of Le Corbusier, Apr. 16-30; Paintings by Iver Rose, to May 5. Junior Museum—American Indian Art, Apr. 7-May 19.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Cranbrook Academy: Pennsylvania Barns, photographs, to Apr. 12; Paintings from Latin-America (Museum of Modern Art), Apr. 12-May 2; Variety in Abstraction (Museum of Modern Art), Apr. 14-May 5.

BOSTON, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Turner-Constable-Bonington, to Apr. 28.

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO

Art Workshop, Bowling Green State University: Fifty Paintings by Fifty Artists (Toledo Federation of Art Societies), Rabinovitch: Master and Pupils (photographs), through Apr.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: 50th Annual Exhibition by Artists of Chicago and vicinity, 6th Annual Exhibition of the Society for Contemporary American Art,

American Rooms in Miniature by Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Drawings Old and New, Looking at Sculpture, through Apr.

Associated American Artists: Frederic Taubes, through Apr. 13; Adolf Dehn, Apr. 15 through 30.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Taft Museum: African Figures and Masks, to Apr. 28.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: Portraits of Distinguished Negro Citizens—In Coöperation with the Friendly Inn and The Harmon Foundation, through Apr. 7; Caricatures and Cartoons, through Apr. 14; Stained Glass, Design and Process, through Apr. 30; Lithographs of Toulouse-Lautrec, through May 5.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Fine Arts Center: Artists West of the Mississippi, to Apr. 22; Fritz Henle (photographs), Art of the Public Schools of Colorado Springs, through Apr. 30.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

University of S. C. Library: Paintings by Marie Chisolm, to Apr. 15; Paintings by Elizabeth White, Apr. 15-30.

DENVER, COLO.

Art Museum: Chappell House Galleries—Exhibition of Prints, Paintings, and Drawings by Paul Klee, to Apr. 12. City and County Building—A. J. Wands, to Apr. 12; Exhibition of drawings by Angna Enters, to Apr. 25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute of Arts: History of Detroit Institute of Arts, 1883-1946, through Apr. 21.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron Art Institute: Contemporary American Prints, to Apr. 21.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Paintings by Four Latin-American Painters (Circulated by the Pan-American Union), 50 Latin-American Prints (circulated by International Business Machines Corporation), 50 Pre-Spanish Peruvian Textiles (circulated by the Pan-American Union), Whistler Etchings, lent from the Harris Whittemore Collection, English Lustre Ware from the Burnap Collection, through Apr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

County Museum: L. Curtis, to Apr. 21.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

J. B. Speed Memorial Museum: Paintings by Thomas Eakins (Philadelphia Museum), to Apr. 7; Lyonel Feininger (Museum of Modern Art), Apr. 8-May 15.

Stewart Dry Goods Gallery: Children's Free Art Classes Exhibition, to Apr. 8; Kentucky and Southern Indiana Art Exhibition, Apr. 15-29.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Sculpture by M. Solomon, to Apr. 15.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: French Painting in 1939, Buffalo Artists' Traveling Exhibition, to Apr. 14; 33rd Annual Exhibition of Wisconsin Art, Apr. 17-May 19.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: American and English Portraits, to Apr. 7; Etchings by Joseph Pennell, to Apr. 30; Pottery and Porcelain through the Ages, Apr. 9-28.

University Gallery: American Craftsman Exhibition, to Apr. 23; Gelatones, Associated American Artists, to Apr. 25.

Walker Art Center: Sculpture and drawings by Alonzo Hauser, to Apr. 7; Furniture and Textiles (Gallery of Everyday Art), to May 15.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

Monmouth College: Watercolors and oils by Ralph Douglass and other members of the Department of Art of the University of New Mexico, through Apr.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Art Museum: Contemporary Portraits, to Apr. 7; Work done in Children's Art Classes, Apr. 14-May 12.

NEWARK, N. J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Mary Van Blarcom, through Apr. 6; Roger Lyford, Apr. 8 through 20; Lu Belmont, Apr. 22 through May 4.

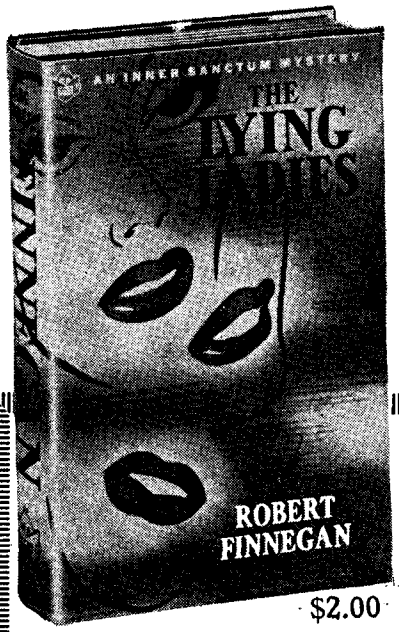
Museum: Changing Tastes in Painting and Sculpture, through Apr.; Models of Church Sanctuaries, made by Thomas Lynch Raymond, through Apr. 21; Photographs from the Museum of Modern Art, to Apr. 25; Figureheads and Carvings from American Clipper Ships, to May 15.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Annual Exhibition of the Art Association of New Orleans, to Apr. 14; Faces and Figures and Objects as Subjects (Museum of Modern Art), Apr. 18-May 9.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Sculpture by Aaron Goodelman, to Apr. 13.
American British Art Center, 44 W. 56 St.: American Abstract Artists, to Apr. 18.
An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.: New Oils and Pastels—1945—by Georgia O'Keeffe, to Apr. 7.
Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Oils by Edward Brygider and William J. Potter, Apr. 8-20; Pastels and Watercolors by Elsbeth Comstock and Rhoda Low, Apr. 22-May 4.
Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Georges Schreiber, Lithographs by George Biddle, Apr. 8-27; Wally Smith and W. R. Fitzpatrick, Apr. 29-May 11.
Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Alfred H. Levitt, to Apr. 20.
Barbizon-Plaza Art Galleries, Sixth Ave. at 58 St.: Oscar Ember, to Apr. 16.
Barzansky Gallery, 664 Madison Ave.: Spring Landscape Show, through Apr.
Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Lurçat, to Apr. 13.
George Binet Gallery, 67 E. 57 St.: A. Mark Datz, to Apr. 13.
Buchholz Gallery: 32 E. 57 St., Lipchitz, to Apr. 30.
Community Church of New York, 40 E. 35 St.: Drawings by Carl Colodne, through Apr. 21.
Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: Re-



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cent Paintings by Paul Burlin, to Apr. 13.
Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Six Nineteenth Century French Artists, to Apr. 30.
Durlacher Brothers, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings and drawings by William Fett, Apr. 8-May 4.
Eighth Street Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Watercolors by Charlotte Livingston, to Apr. 16.
Ferargil Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Flower Show, sculpture and paintings, to Apr. 10.
Jane Street Gallery, 35 Jane St.: Albert Kresch, to Apr. 29.
Kleemann Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: Modern Paintings and Engravings by Pieter Bruegel, through Apr. 26.
Knoedler and Co., 14 E. 57 St.: One Hundred Years, through Apr. 27.
Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Paintings and watercolors by Romare Bearden based on the poem by Lorca, "Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias."
Mortimer Levitt Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Sculpture and drawings by Charles Umlauf, through Apr. 20.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: The Taste of the Seventies, The Helena Woolworth McCann Collection of Chinese Lowestoft, European Drawings, Old Mexican Pottery, closing dates indefinite; The Rearranged Galleries of Egyptian

Art, permanent installation; Prints of the Time of the Counter Reformation, to Apr. 21; Swedish and Danish Decorative Arts, from Apr. 12. Junior Museum, Circus Parade, and Paul Revere, closing dates indefinite.
Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Fred Nagler, through Apr. 20; William Thon, Apr. 23 through May 11.
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 St.: Sports and Pastimes, to Apr. 31.
Morton Galleries, 117 W. 58 St.: Paintings by Minnie Mikell, through Apr. 13.
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104 St.: Drawings by Woolf, through Apr. 29.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Arts of the South Seas, to May 19; Retrospective Exhibition of Marc Chagall, Apr. 10-June 16; Children's Book Illustration, Apr. 17 through June 2.
Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54 St.: Photographs by Ben Schnall of the projected Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Painting designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.
National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 90 St.: Annual Exhibition of the National Association of Women Artists, Apr. 12-30.
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 95th Anniversary of the death of John J. Audubon, watercolors, oils, prints, to July 14.
Niveau Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Masters of Tomorrow, Apr. 6-May 2.
Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings 1945-1946 by Amedee Ozenfant, through Apr. 13.
Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: Margaret Stark, to Apr. 20.
Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Flowers by Moderns, Apr. 12-May 10.
Wildenstein and Co., 19 E. 64 St.; Gauguin, to May 4.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Fine Arts Center: Annual West Virginia Regional Show, Apr. 7-May 5.

PASADENA, CALIF.

Art Institute: Pasadena National, through Apr. 28.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Art Alliance: Watercolors by Lawrence Kupferman, to Apr. 7; Design with Light, to Apr. 12; Tiles by Sherry Martinelli, to Apr. 21; Stained Glass; Sculpture; Jewelry by Margaret Craver, to May 5; Industrial Design by Belle Kogan, Apr. 8-May 17; Pennsylvania Guild of Craftsmen, Apr. 13-May 5; Book Exhibition by Bookseller Association, Apr. 23-May 5; Everyman's Gallery, Apr. 22-May 26.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Selected Examples from Thirty Years of Etching by John Taylor Arms, to Apr. 14; Annual Pittsburgh Salon of Photography, to Apr. 21. Sculpture by Janet de Coux, Memorial Exhibition, Wassily Kandinsky, to May 12; Memorial Exhibition, William Henry Singer, Jr., Apr. 25-May 26.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Exhibition of Murals and Dioramas from the Pittsfield Public Schools, through Apr. 14; Paintings by W. Lester Stevens, to Apr. 30.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Paintings by Oregon Society of Artists, to Apr. 23; Paintings by Carl Morris, Old Master Drawings from the Collection of LeRoy Backus, to Apr. 30; Photographs by Paul Strand, and work by Portland Veterans of World War II, Apr. 26-May 24.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Museum of Art: Paintings and Sculpture by Florence B. Kane, to Apr. 7; 7th Annual Exhibition by Rhode Island Artists and Craftsmen, Apr. 7-28.

RICHMOND, VA.

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: 5th Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, to Apr. 25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: Origins of Modern Sculpture, to May 1; Thorne Miniature Rooms, to June 9.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Paintings by Wendell Smith, and A. A. Castricone, Watercolors by Sgt. S. C. Loudermilk, through Apr.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Art Museum: Northwest Printmakers' Annual, Puget Sound Group of Northwest Painters, Paintings by Dorothy Milne Rising, 1945 Accessions to the Museum's Fuller Collection, Photographs of Modern Dutch Architecture, to Apr. 7; 4th International of the Seattle Photographic Society, Watercolors by Hari Kidd and Ben Norris, Paintings by Walter Isaacson, Apr. 11-May 5.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Mount Holyoke College, Dwight Art Memorial Gallery: Contemporary Oil Paintings (lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art), to Apr. 28;

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The solution was before your eyes all along, simmering on the stove. *Elisha* saw it. But the reader, like Miss Marcy, will be baffled from the beginning: "When I pushed open the living-room door of the Turkey Hill Cottage that lovely spring morning and saw Alyse Marsh lying dead on the floor . . ."

The Gunman

Reproductions of Modern French Paintings, Apr. 8-15; Intercollegiate Student Show (lent by the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts), Apr. 18-28.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Chinese Sculpture, to Apr. 15.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH

Art Center: 22nd Annual National Art Exhibition, to Apr. 30.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Museum of Fine Arts: 20th Annual Exhibition of Associated Artists of Syracuse, to Apr. 17.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Sheldon Swope Art Gallery: Your Doctor Speaks (Upjohn Co. and Midtown Galleries), through Apr.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Museum of Art: Watercolors by Contemporary American Painters, through Apr.

UTICA, N. Y.

Munson - Williams - Proctor Institute: Non-Objective Paintings, Latin American Art, Elements of Design, Prints from the Willard Art Gallery, Photographs from the Photographic Society of America, Pictures from various New York Galleries, through Apr.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery: 55th Annual Exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists, through Apr. 10; World War II, Paintings and sketches by Alexander P. Russo, USNR, through Apr. 25; 13th Annual Exhibition of the Miniature Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers of Washington, D. C., Apr. 14 through May 5; Annual Exhibition of the Landscape Club of Washington, D. C., Apr. 21 through May 14.
National Gallery: New Additions to the Kress Collection.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Lawrence Art Museum: Dance in America, through Apr. 12.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Woodcuts and Wood-engravings, through Apr. 10; A Generation of Children's Art Classes, through Apr. 28.

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Robinson, in "The Swiss Family Robinson," by Johann Wyss.
2. "Dracula," by Bram Stoker.
3. Mr. Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
4. Charles Snell, in "Evening Primrose," by John Collier.
5. Erik, in "The Phantom of the Opera," by Gaston Leroux.
6. Quasimodo, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo.
7. Geppetto, in "Pinocchio," by C. Collodi.
8. Paphnutius, in "Thais," by Anatole France.
9. Lemuel Gulliver, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift.
10. Mr. Otkar and Mr. Rosenberg, in "One More Spring," by Robert Nathan.

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the Phoenix Nest

I HAVE been grieved to hear that one of my contributors, who had been afflicted from childhood with infantile paralysis, died recently in a sanitarium in Benton Harbor, Michigan. This was Eleanor Saltzman, who still managed to get through high school and enter Duke University, where she was graduated with honors and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She obtained her M.A. at the University of Iowa, majoring in Greek. She worked in the Greek department and in child welfare for ten years. She also devoted much time to writing, and had two novels published, "Ever Tomorrow" (Coward-McCann, 1936) and "Stuart's Hill" (Bernard Ackerman, 1945). In November I published in this department a poem of hers which I still regard highly, a poem about immortality. In her memory I now print the following little poem, sent me by her sister. It was, I understand, written about eight years ago. Obviously, Eleanor Saltzman was one of the elect of this earth, a person acquainted with great pain but with clear, unfaltering courage. It is good to know of lives such as hers.

REQUIEM

It is not death
When we lie down and close our eyes
Because they see no more.
Serenity can touch us then,
And mold us into peace, and quietude.
Unity it is, of myriad atom dust
Released again to live again—
Tree and rain and stardust infinite.

Death found us earlier.
The stone we could not turn.
The grass sun-slain in June,
Our child who was not,
Our love, stillborn.

ELEANOR SALTZMAN.

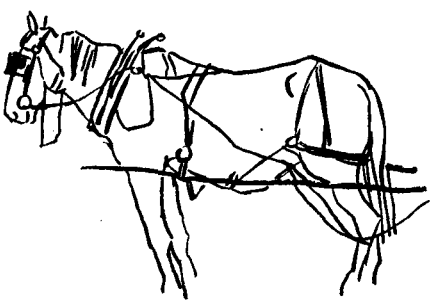
* * *

Some time ago I received the following from B. Wendell Goodwin of "Famous Circus Features." He refers to a review I wrote of Russel Crouse's excellent revival of the best of Alger:

I was more or less amused at your notice of Horatio Alger. You state that he wrote 119 books, actually he turned out 135.

One writer described him as "Harvard's most famous graduate author." Another reviewer informs us that his friends called him "Holy Horatio." I take it from your review that you never owned an Alger Then you missed quite a few boyhood thrills. W. G. Rogers has termed his books as remote from literature "as cookbooks." Yet among the men who read Alger were Joyce Kilmer, John Drew, Knute Rockne, Edward Bok, Sinclair, Wrigley, my old man (and Pop was okeh).

Yes, you missed a great many thrills. You don't know what it was to finish the chores, and after the hired man had helped you with the homework for school, and while Mom and the hired girl gabbled all of the scandal in the Welsh lan-



guage (so the kids wouldn't know) you could always read Alger, and dream that some day you, too, would make your fortune.

Some of the tales told by Alger did have some social significance. "Phil, the Fiddler," was an attack upon the padrone system. "The Young Acrobat" was a tale of circus life, and was it something!

You never read Alger, therefore you are an exception. From 1870 to 1900 Alger sales were bigger than those of Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Alcott, and Bellamy. Probably larger than all their sales combined. I suggest that you read Herbert R. Mayes's biography of Alger, or better still find a few men who did read him, and talk it over with them. When a man can boast that over 200,000,000 copies of his books were sold, that guy is terrific.

* * *

The following parody is by Georgie Starbuck Galbraith, of Bakersfield, California:

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHILDREN'S HOMEWORK

Much had I written, many a phrase unrolled,
And many a goodly paragraph had made,
Nor ever yet of language been afraid
Which scribes in fealty to old Webster hold.
That was before the time when I was told
What little Jeanne and Junior had been bade
To learn, that they might get a passing grade
In Written English. Then my blood ran cold,
And I who had believed myself so wise
Could utter nothing save a feeble stammer.
The children viewed me with a wild surprise,
While there, a pale linguistic ninny-hammer,
I read their text-book through with glazèd eyes,
Silent on that first peek at sixth-grade grammar!

As a corollary I add a few lines inspired by the paired reviews of Mortimer Adler and Ordway Tead on Benjamin Fine's book on education, the end of last December. It comes to me from Lt. Col. Richard Armour, G.S.C., War Department, Washington:

SCHOOL DAZE

Many gather
But nothing's taught
In a school of fish
And a school of thought.
Which is surely matter for thought—

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH RIDES A SORREL HORSE *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Death of girl guest at Southern rest-home gives Sheriff Jess Roden another case full of strange events and stranger people.	Roden cleverly establishes murderous nature of victim's demise—then sifts garish and interesting lot of personalities in his customary canny fashion.	Pretty well up to high Roden standard
THE TRIPLE CROSS *Joe Barry* (Mystery House: $2.)	Rush (Target for Night and Day) Henry, Chicago shamus, goes amnesiac and has murderous adventures with variety of villains.	Forthright, actionful yarn, with relentless malefactor plugging Henry in all parts of his anatomy—so much that it gets slightly silly.	Readable Tough-'un
HOLY DISORDERS *Edmund Crispin* (Lippincott: $2.)	Strange deaths of organist and precentor in English cathedral interest eccentric Gervase Fen, bug-hunting Oxford professor.	Much tighter, better, speedier, more amusing and suspenseful job than "Obsequies at Oxford"—which was very good stuff.	First rate

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(*Continued on next page*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 29)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

MILTON L. COHEN of the advertising department of William Filene's Sons Co., Boston, has confronted me with the "Incubus of a Double-Crostic," an ingenious narrative utilizing hundreds of words found in my DCs, too long, unfortunately, for this space. But from the accompanying letter I quote: "Incidentally, working out these DCs together has reawakened in my wife and me a new realization of our utterly pleasant reliance on each other's intellectual capacity." As such relations have always been included in my concept of a happy marriage, exemplified by my own years ago, I am glad to give Mr. Cohen's words here.

In Ellery Queen's *Mystery Magazine* for March is a story of our star DCer and short story writer, Miriam DeFord Shipley, San Francisco, in which she has one of her characters busy with a DC book.

Of course, George A. Boissard, Madison, Wis., didn't know that I did the DCs from Kenneth Roberts and Thackeray at the same time long before their publication, in an effort to be fair to that immortal "Bouillabaisse," but just the same I enjoyed immensely his reproach: "I'm sore! #622 broke my heart! You have *never* enjoyed Bouillabaisse with lobster at Basso's in Marseilles with a bottle of Kleber rosé from Algiers as an accompaniment, or you never *would* have mentioned it in connection with Haddock Chowder! . . . Thackeray's tribute should be used as an apology to your faithful DCers . . . Lift the curse on *bouillabaisse* and all will be forgiven."

I'm glad that I shared my bewilderment over *Nunnatak* with you, for it has provided one more instance of the fun of exploration. All heard from suggest that perhaps I had in mind *nunatak*, and no doubt I did, though it didn't occur to my dulled mentality at the time to look up that spelling. Mrs. Leona K. Reichert, Meadville, Pa., found in Byrd's "Little America," page 121, "a mountain peak in the Antarctic discovered by the English explorer R. F. Scott in 1902." Mrs. Ronald H. Humphrey, Nutley, N. J., with the help of a couple of geology texts found it in H. W. Herbert's "Characteristics of Existing Glaciers," pages 72-76, as "an insular hill or mountain surrounded by an ice sheet," the same as given in WNI, and somewhat amplified in a note to me by Steven Byington.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 628

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American historian (1848-1927; "The History of the Civil War", 1917).
B. One of a Bulgarian people allied to Mordvinians and Cheremiss.
C. Work, specif., a research (German).
D. State admitted to the Union in 1864.
E. Working in a slight or superficial manner.
F. German violinist and composer, disciple of Liszt and Wagner (1833-96).
G. Style of type named for a Dutch family of publishers (17th cent.)
H. Irish 18th cent. actress, subject of romance by Charles Reade, 1853.
I. Drank a mug of liquor at one draft.
J. Having the odor of musk.
K. Motto on the coat of arms of New York State.
L. Avoiding by artifice.
M. One of the Society Islands.
N. King and judge of the dead (Hindu Myth.)
O. To exceed in value, etc.
P. Baseless; vain; idle.
Q. Falling in soft, undulating folds.
R. Silvery.
S. Small mug or cup; small quantity of drink.
T. American lawyer and diplomat (1832-1917; ambassador to Britain, 1899-1905).
U. To exhibit liveliness or exhilaration.
V. Napoleon's famous road (built 1800-6).
W. Keen; mentally energetic.
X. A pearl of great lustre.
Y. To tell again and again.
Z. Mopped, as a deck.

WORDS

4 67 150 79 98 84

46 133 12 29 164 124 160

129 123 167 120 158 7

107 94 165 19 131 40

63 90 135 171 113 149 42 20

182 145 118 96 168 57

162 50 146 187 180 65 127

161 85 2 121 143 78 23 132 101 130

32 64 141 55 89 117

39 106 95 159 97 77 66 134

37 34 139 169 27 108 74 154 13

36 142 15 8 43 111 179

128 73 157 59 38 69

51 6 86 147

114 172 148 24 181 45 104 163

92 105 44 56 152 177 109 17 83

100 33 52 153 26 173 75 3

10 93 70 112 48 58 176 22 30

155 28 41 178 122 170

186 119 1 81 11 166

5 88 35 47 72 16 62 183 140 110

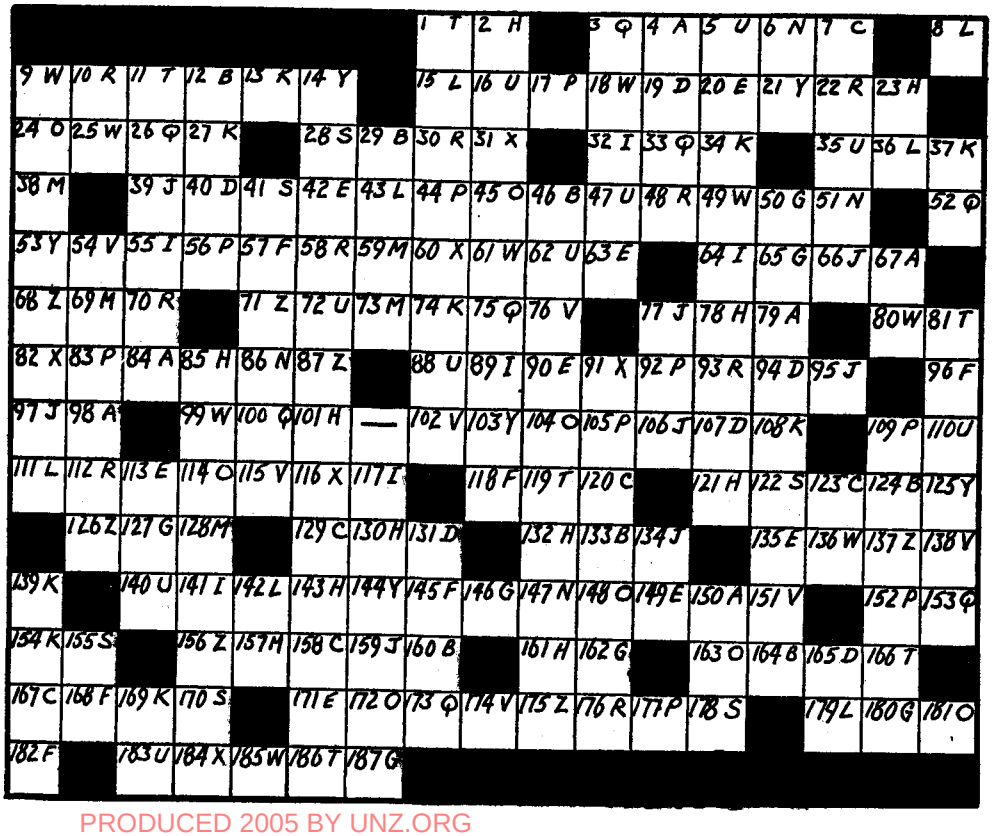
76 138 102 115 174 54 151

9 18 25 185 99 80 136 61 49

60 31 184 116 82 91

53 14 125 103 21 144

137 156 126 71 68 87 175



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